

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETINGS

1907-1908-1909-1911

1911

FEBRUARY 13, 1907

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 13 1907

1907

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel John P. Nicholson
Recorder, Compiler

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 13, 1907

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865 ; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"The Education of Abraham Lincoln"

COMPANION JAMES A. WORDEN, D. D.

"With Lincoln to Gettysburg, 1863"

COMPANION HENRY C. COCHRANE

"Lincoln under Fire"

COMPANION J. P. S. GOBIN

"When and Where I Saw Lincoln"

COMPANION O. C. BOSBYSELL

"Lincoln in Parable"

COMPANION JAMES W. LATTA

"With Malice toward None ; with Charity for All"

COMPANION M. VEALE

"Lincoln and the People"

COMMANDER JAMES A. BEAVER

“But without foreign intervention, and as long as Abraham Lincoln held the reins of power at the North, the Confederacy would have gone on losing ground; and time at last, coupled with an empty treasury, would have brought the inevitable result. Against the great military genius of certain of the Southern leaders Fate opposed the unbroken resolution and passionate devotion to the Union, which he worshipped, of the great Northern President. As long as he lived, and ruled the people of the North, there could be no turning back. The preservation of the Union was a sacred charge committed to his care, and though he yielded up his life before the surrender of all the Confederate forces in the field, yet he had lived long enough to see his work crowned with abiding success. He knew that the end had come with the surrender of Lee and his army. The Union was restored, the future of the United States assured, and in that knowledge he passed to his rest.”

THE EDUCATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

What were the forces which elevated Abraham Lincoln into his unique position in history and the hearts of men? What drew forth (educated) in him a sagacity and statesmanship which finally, under God, solved the problem of our Nation's slavery or freedom? Whence came that influence which Lincoln wielded which welded as the heart of one man the loyal North in its struggle for union and liberty? What processes of life evolved that enduring strength of will which bore this nation through our Civil War? What made him the mightiest among the lowly, and the lowliest among the mighty, and the incarnation of unselfish devotion to country? What gave him that transcendent character which made Abraham Lincoln

"Greatest yet with least pretense
Foremost leader of his time,
Rich in saving common sense
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

What university did the Educator of the Universe choose for the training of His elect son? Not a Harvard or a Princeton nor a Yale, not even a Miami or a Hanover or a Wabash. Not any literary centre, classic shade, academic grove or guarded cloister with its scientific culture or philosophic thought. Sometimes,

"God's school is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth
Least like what men agree to praise."

"There is a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

This divinity selected rough experiences in which to shape the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The first school in which we may say his infancy was rocked, all his primary instructions received, was the log cabin of *Poverty*. The Saviour of the world was born in a lowly condition. How Bethlehem's cave mocks all the nurseries of imperial Rome! So the saviour of our country. Better though harder than riches poverty wrought into Lincoln's vitality virtues untold—courage to face and to bear scanty living—sympathy with the poor and the suffering, who constitute the majority of mankind. Poverty made Lincoln the foe of oppression and the deliverer of the oppressed.

This divinity chose as the secondary school *frontier life in the West*.

Being a western man I have observed and almost experienced how rough its hewings were. They were far unlike the picturesque slang descriptions of Bret Hart *et id omne genus*. The reality included the first removes from the primitive savagery of the neighborhood of Indians, impenetrable forests, impassable swamps, bridgeless creeks and rivers, roadless trails and thickets.

JAMES AVERY WORDEN.

Private 74th Ohio Infantry October 14, 1861; Sergeant December 30, 1861; First Sergeant November 17, 1862; discharged to accept promotion February 24, 1863.

Second Lieutenant 74th Ohio Infantry February 25, 1863; resigned and honorably discharged May 21, 1863.

These were the outward symbols of life hardened and toughened in the pioneers of the Northwest. These environments, rough hew them as they would, were shaped by the divinity into the boy Lincoln's self-control, power to endure, fortitude, independence, modest manliness, and made him as a youth long jawed, strong clawed and sufficiently thick skinned to meet the thorns and briers of life.

Lincoln was early promoted into the High School of *Work*. For years and years he labored with his hands to help support himself and his home folks. Does it not unavoidably recall how the Divine Man of Nazareth toiled to support his blessed mother Mary? Form a mental picture of the favorite scholar of the divinity. It will be a plain realistic photograph of a Kentucky farmer boy, dissolving into that of the woodchopper, the railsplitter of the woods of Indiana and Illinois. There has recently been discovered a remarkable saying of the Christ, not contained in the New Testament. The Saviour says:

"Raise the stone and thou shalt find me,
Cleave the wood and there I am."

Lincoln found God and greatness in honest work.

All these years, however, like another still greater one, Lincoln enjoyed a love, a care, a companionship which in itself was better than a so-called liberal education. Americans will forever honor the memory of Lincoln's noble, lovely mother, and that of his second mother, less lovely perhaps, but equally faithful.

Time would fail us to examine Lincoln's library, chiefly remarkable for its fewness of books. Even this had the educational value of compelling him to do his own thinking, instead of being surfeited with the thoughts of other men.

We must now pay our highest tribute to that noble profession which literally and liberally trained our great War President. Lincoln faithfully studied and practiced *Law*. What higher, better discipline can be found for the human spirit?

We would utterly fail to appreciate Lincoln's intellectual abilities were we not to realize that within the limitations of his state he was a great lawyer.

Then came the training of politics. Lincoln knew nothing of that Pharisaic contempt so often affected by the kid glove dilettante of to-day for political activity. He threw himself with true whole heart into the political conflicts of his county and his state. For many years he labored as a legislator of Illinois. For two years he served as a member of Congress at Washington.

Then came the crowded hours of the glorious strife of the Debate of 1858, with Senator Stephen A. Douglas, in which a candid, impartial world gave the first prize to Abraham Lincoln.

As that debate closed and as the great Convention at Chicago nominated him for President, as his fellow citizens elected him, that same divinity which had shaped his ends from the beginning placed in his hands the diploma of the University of Life, and Providence sent forth Abraham Lincoln, the best educated, the best equipped man for the best mission—the preventing of the government by the people, of the people, and for the people from perishing from off the face of the earth.

WITH LINCOLN TO GETTYSBURG, 1863.

I was a Lieutenant of Marines stationed at the Headquarters of the Marine Corps in Washington in November, 1863, when I received an order to accompany the Marine Band to Gettysburg to take part in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the National Cemetery at that place. Accordingly, on the morning of the 18th of November, we proceeded to the old Baltimore & Ohio railroad depot, near the Capitol, and there found a special train of cars waiting to receive President Lincoln and his party. The locomotive was decorated with flags and streamers and presented a gala appearance. Among the party were the French Minister, M. Mercier, and Admiral Renaud, of the French Navy; the Italian Minister, Chevalier Bertinatti, and his Secretary of Legation, Signor Cora, the Chevalier Isola and Lieutenant Martinez, of the Italian Navy; Mr. McDougall, of the Canadian Ministry; Secretary of State Wm. H. Seward, Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair, Secretary of the Interior Judge John P. Usher, private secretaries John S. Nicolay and John Hay, Provost Marshal General James B. Fry, Colonel Geo. W. Burton, Captain Alan Ramsay, U. S. M. C., and an escort from the First Regiment of the Invalid Corps.

The last car was a kind of president's or director's car with about one-third of the rear partitioned off into a room with the seats around it, and in this room I found myself seated vis-a-vis to the President. The rest of the car was furnished in the usual manner. I happened to have bought a New York *Herald* before leaving and, observing that Mr. Lincoln was without a paper, offered it to him. He took it and thanked me, saying "I like to see what they say about us," meaning himself and the generals in the field. The news that morning was not particularly exciting, being about Burnside at Knoxville, Sherman at Chattanooga, and Meade on the Rapidan, all, however, expecting trouble. He read for a little while and then began to laugh at some wild guesses of the paper about pending movements. He laughed very heartily and it was pleasant to see his sad face lighted up. He was looking very badly at that particular time, being fallow, sunken-eyed, thin, care-worn and very quiet. After a while he returned the paper and began to talk, remarking among other things that when he had first passed over that road on his way to Congress in 1847 he noticed square-rigged vessels up the Patapsco river as far as the Relay House, and now there seemed to be only small craft.

Secretary Seward, who was in charge of the party, began to get uneasy as we approached Baltimore, for it was the first time that Mr. Lincoln had been north of Washington since he had gone there in the night of February 22, 1861, two years and nine months previously. There was something of the same fear of attack or assassination which had prevailed upon that occasion, for Baltimore was still the home of many sympathizers with rebellion. Upon reaching

HENRY CLAY COCHRANE.

Acting Master's Mate U. S. Navy September 7, 1861; resigned and honorably discharged May 20, 1863.

Second Lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps March 10, 1863; First Lieutenant August 20, 1865; Captain March 16, 1879; Major February 1, 1898; Lieutenant-Colonel March 3, 1899; Colonel January 11, 1900; Brig.-General March 10, 1905; retired March 10, 1905.

the western edge of the city the locomotive was detached and the cars were dragged by tandem teams of horses to Calvert Street Station, where we took the Northern Central Railroad. In passing through the streets all was quiet, and at the station less than two hundred people were assembled, among them some women with children in arms. They called for the President and Mr. Seward came into the car, and he agreed to go out when the train was about ready to start. This he did and took two or three of the babies up and kissed them, which greatly pleased their mothers. At Baltimore General Schenck, who then commanded that district, and his staff joined us, and soon after the President went forward in the car and seated himself with a party of choice spirits, among whom was Mayor Frederick W. Lincoln of Boston, not a kinsman. They told stories for an hour or so, Mr. Lincoln taking his turn and enjoying it very much. Then, when approaching Hanover Junction, he arose and said: "Gentlemen, this is all very pleasant, but the people will expect me to say something to them to-morrow, and I must give the matter some thought." He then returned to the rear room of the car. I mention this circumstance particularly because of the different versions given by his many biographers of the history of the preparation of his famous address delivered the next day. By some, you may remember, it is claimed that he wrote it on the train upon a piece of wrapping paper, by another upon a piece of pasteboard, by another that it was written in Gettysburg on a yellow government envelope, by another that it was written in the house of David Wills, with writing materials which he asked to have sent to his room after retiring, and by others that it was done in Washington. My own belief is that the first nineteen lines were written in Washington and the remainder on the train and in Gettysburg. Lincoln said to Noah Brooks, one of his historians, before leaving Washington, "My speech is all blocked out. It is very short." The first sheet of the manuscript bore the heading "Executive Mansion," and those nineteen lines written upon it were never materially changed, the rest bore evidence of having been written and re-written many times, and was even changed in the delivery upon the platform. The version sent by the Associated Press and published in the papers of the 20th of November seems to me to be much better than that which he subsequently revised in thirteen different respects.

At Hanover Junction, 46 miles from Baltimore, we were to meet a special train which left Harrisburg at 1.30 P. M., containing Governors Curtin of Pennsylvania, Seymour of New York, Tod of Ohio, Governor-elect Brough and Ex-Governor Dennison of Ohio, Governor Boreman and Ex-Governor Pierpont of West Virginia, Simon Cameron, Clement C. Barclay, Generals Doubleday, Stoneman and Stahl and others, but it was detained by an accident and we continued on to Gettysburg, where we arrived about sundown and were surprised to find some of the wounded of the battle still in hospital. The President became the guest of Mr. David Wills, Mr. Seward went to Mr. Harper's, and General Fry, Colonel Burton, Captain Ramsay and I went to one of the hotels. Gettysburg was crowded and it was said that hundreds slept on the floors. That night the President, Mr. Seward and Colonel John W. Forney were serenaded by the 5th N. Y. Artillery Band, and a reception was held at Mr. Wills'. About 11 o'clock the train with the belated governors arrived.

Next morning we were up early to find a beautiful Indian summer day.

The town was all agog and people pouring in from the surrounding country. Before ten we were in the saddle and assembled at the public square for the grand military and civic procession. Mr. Lincoln was mounted upon a young and beautiful chestnut bay horse, the largest in the Cumberland Valley, and his towering figure surmounted by a high silk hat made the rest of us look small. Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair rode upon his right and Judge Usher and Marshal Lamon on his left. In the next rank there were six horses ridden by General Fry, Colonel Burton, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, Captain Ramsay and myself. Of those eleven I believe that I am the only survivor. I had a mischievous brute and it required much attention to keep him from getting out of line to browse on the tail of the President's horse. The streets, sidewalks, steps, windows and doors were crowded with eager-eyed spectators, and flags, many of them at half-mast, were everywhere. The procession started with Major-General D. N. Couch at the head of the military, about 1,200 men, of whom the 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery were the chief part. Next came the Presidential party, then the Hon. Edward Everett, orator of the day, and the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, of Washington. The President rode very easily, bowing occasionally to right or left, but it soon became evident that Mr. Seward was not much of a rider. As he went along his trousers gradually worked up, revealing the tops of his home-made gray socks, of which he was entirely unconscious.

We passed along Baltimore Street to the Emmittsburg Road, minute guns being fired, then by way of the Taueytown Road to the cemetery, where the military formed in line to salute the President at about eleven o'clock. The stand which had been erected was not very large and was soon well filled. Mr. Lincoln sat between Mr. Seward and Mr. Everett, and I was given a seat about six or seven feet distant from them. The military arranged themselves mainly upon the left of the stand, the civilian element in front, and the ladies on the right. There was a vast assemblage of people, estimated at 10,000, men, women and children, many of whom were of course out of the range of hearing, and many of whom were unavoidably tramping on the newly-made graves. When the President appeared on the stand nearly every hat in the throng was removed.

By this time Governor Coburn of Maine, Governor Parker of New Jersey, Governor Bradford of Maryland, and Governor Morton of Indiana had joined the dignitaries, and several flags and banners suitably draped were brought upon the stand. The scene presented that fine morning was one of great grandeur. A full view of the battlefield, with the Blue Mountains in the distance, was spread out before us, and all about were traces of the fierce conflict. Rifle pits, cut and scarred trees, broken fences, pieces of artillery wagons and harness, scraps of blue and gray clothing, bent canteens, abandoned knapsacks, belts, cartridge boxes, shoes and caps, were still to be seen on nearly every side—a great showing for relic hunters.

After the performance of a funeral dirge by the band, an eloquent though rather long prayer was delivered by the Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, Dr. Stockton. This was followed by music by the Marine Band and then Mr. Everett delivered the oration. It was an exceedingly long production, beginning with the custom of the ancient Greeks of burying their dead heroes with public ceremony, continuing with a full history of the campaign of which

Gettysburg was the culmination, giving a picture of the result had the battle been a failure; a statement that the Rebellion had been planned for thirty years before it came to pass,* and an essay upon national affairs, which consumed two full hours. Notwithstanding the fame of the speaker the audience became tired and impatient. Mr. Everett apparently regarded the occasion as one of the most notable of his life, and had written and rehearsed every word of that long address. His periods were polished, his diction graceful, and his language classical, but his great effort is forgotten.

The Baltimore Glee Club then sang an ode written for the occasion by Commissioner B. B. French, of Washington, and Lincoln arose. He was dressed as usual in a black frock coat with turned down shirt collar, and held in his hand only two or three sheets of paper. He began in a slow, solemn and deliberate manner, emphasizing nearly every word, and in two minutes sat down. To the surprise of his auditors the address which has become of world renown was finished. Its full import was not comprehended and it was received with faint applause. Lincoln thought that he had scored a failure, and it was not for weeks afterward that it began to dawn upon the minds of his countrymen that in his simple wisdom and eloquence something had been said which would live forever.

Another dirge and the benediction by the Rev. Dr. H. L. Baugher succeeded, and then, at 2 P. M., the assemblage was dismissed. The program had been carried out successfully, and the first event of the kind probably since those held by the great race of men who originated free government was accomplished. That afternoon Lincoln walked arm in arm to the Presbyterian Church with John Burns, the heroic old man of Gettysburg, who figured in the three days' fight, and that evening we left on the return trip to Washington.

*Dr. D. Hayes Agnew has told me since this was written that he saw during the war in the residence of Barnwell Rhett, of Beaufort, S. C., the minutes of a society of prominent Southern men which had been in existence for thirty years, and which had for its object the disruption of the Federal Union.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE.

General Jubal Early in his account of his operations in front of Washington, D. C., on the 11th and 12th of July, 1864, says that on the afternoon of the 11th he rode ahead of the infantry and arrived in front of Fort Stevens, on the Seventh St. Pike, a short time after noon, when he discovered that the works were but feebly manned. He ordered Rhodes's Division into line as rapidly as possible, instructing him to throw out skirmishers and move into the works quickly. That before Rhodes's Division could be brought up he saw a cloud of dust in the rear of the works towards Washington, and soon a column of the enemy filed into them on the right and left. Skirmishers were thrown out in front, and an artillery fire opened on them from a number of batteries. "This defeated our hopes of getting possession of the works by surprise, and it became necessary to reconnoiter. This reconnoissance consumed the balance of the day."

He further states that after a conference he determined to make an assault on the works at daylight the next morning. During the night he received a dispatch from General Bradley Johnson that two corps had arrived from General Grant's army. As soon as it was light enough to see, he rode to the front and found the parapet lined with troops.

This, with its explanations as to why he was not more successful in capturing Washington, is his report of that most important engagement. Not altogether accurate as to details, it is the entire account of an engagement that might have been exceedingly serious in the prosecution of the war, and which brought Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, under the actual fire of the enemy in their attack upon Fort Stevens, July 12th, 1864.

Fort Stevens was an earthwork in a line of fortifications built for the defense of Washington. It was a strong earthwork, and apparently easily protected. The guns were mounted en-barbette and were all of heavy calibre.

The 19th Army Corps, after its return from the Red River expedition, encamped around New Orleans, and was refitted and reorganized, as was generally supposed, for a campaign against Mobile, Ala. On July 4th orders were received to embark on board transports at once, and one vessel after another sailed down the Mississippi with sealed orders to be opened when outside the bar. The steamer McClellan, with the only Pennsylvania regiment (47th Penna. Infantry) in the Corps, started July 5th and proceeded on its way, confident that the destination was Mobile Bay. Upon orders being opened the consternation was great when it was discovered we were bound for the Army of the Potomac.

JOHN PETER SHINDEL GOBIN.

First Lieutenant 11th Penna. Infantry April 23, 1861; honorably discharged July 31, 1861.

Captain 47th Penna. Infantry September 2, 1861; Major August 20, 1864; Lieut.-Colonel November 4, 1864; Colonel January 3, 1865; honorably mustered out December 25, 1865.

Brevetted Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war."

Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers June 9, 1898; honorably discharged February 28, 1899.

Pleasant weather attended the voyage, and we entered Hampton Roads, Va., on the afternoon of the 11th. Before dropping anchor, orders were received to proceed to Washington. No news of any kind was gathered, and we moved on, reaching Washington some time in the morning of the 12th.

We landed at the Navy Yard, were met by an officer with instructions to move out at once, leaving a detail to look after baggage and horses. Up the avenue and out Seventh St. we at once proceeded, and at intervals were met by handsomely uniformed officers, who urged us to hurry up double quick.

Officers and men moving along discussed the cause of all this, but with no intimation of trouble or information or instructions of what was needed until we heard the sound of artillery and later of musketry.

There appeared to be no unusual commotion in Washington—few people on the streets—nothing to indicate the presence of an enemy, until the sound of firing was heard. The day was very hot, the column marched along until Fort Stevens was reached, when, to the great surprise of every one, it was evident that a fight was going on at the front. We halted, and then began the inquiry, "What's up? Are those Johnnies? Where's Grant?"

While waiting, an officer approached and inquired what command it was. He was told, and was asked for information as to what was going on in front. He replied, you will find out, and then remarked, "Old Abe's in the Fort." This was so startling, as it was repeated from file to file, that everybody made a rush to get near enough to see him. There was no mistaking him. His tall figure and high hat made him prominent, and I think every man of the regiment had a look at him.

Our Corps badge resembled that of the 5th Corps, and to many inquiries, "Do you belong to the 5th Corps?" the answer was, "No, to the 19th." Considerable curiosity was evinced to know where the 19th Corps was from, and great surprise was expressed as to how we had gotten there from New Orleans, as it was stated, just in time.

In the meantime, numerous officers had been circulating around, various orders had been received, but nobody seemed to know what to do with us, and the regiment stood awaiting definite instructions.

At last it came, to move out to the left and deploy, move forward and connect with Bidwell's Brigade. As we came into line and moved out, a young staff officer rode down the line, shouting, "You are going into action under the eye of the President! He wants to see how you can fight." The answer was a shout and a rush. We met with but little opposition. A sparse picket line of dismounted cavalry got out of the way readily, other regiments came in on our left. We did not meet Bidwell's Brigade, but passed over their battle ground, until, after nightfall, we passed over some of the ground they had fought over, and recognized the red cross of the 1st Division, 6th Corps, as being the fighters. They had evidently been on the extreme left of the line in action. We bivouacked that night near the remains of a burnt house which was said to be Montgomery Blair's.

The fighting was virtually over before we arrived, but the camp was full of stories during the night as to what had occurred at Fort Stevens while the President was there. Evidently that fort was within the range of the artillery and the skirmishers of the Rebel Army, and it was rumored that General H. G.

Wright had positively ordered the President to get out of the range of danger after an officer had been shot by his side.

Mr. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury, in his account of it says that when he reached the Fort, he found the President, Secretary Stanton and other civilians. A young colonel of artillery, who appeared to be the officer of the day, was in great distress because the President would expose himself and paid little attention to his warnings. He was satisfied the Confederates had recognized him, for they were firing at him very hotly, and a soldier near him had just fallen with a broken thigh. He asked my advice, says Chittenden, for he said the President was in great danger. After some consultation the young officer walked to where the President was looking over the edge of the parapet and said, "Mr. President, you are standing within range of 500 Rebel rifles. Please come down to a safer place. If you do not, it will be my duty to call a file of men and make you."

"And you would do quite right, my boy," said the President, coming down at once, "you are in command of this fort. I should be the last man to set an example of disobedience." He was shown to a place where the view was less extended, but where there was almost no exposure. As Mr. Chittenden was present and speaks from personal knowledge, I assume this to be a correct statement.

I have recently seen a publication in which an officer, claiming to be on the staff of General Upton, describes the President as having halted at the side of the road, and with having been struck by a stray bullet. No mention of it is made in any of the accounts hitherto published of his presence. Certain it is, he was in the Fort and not in the road when we reached there. There were no other troops except those in the trenches and in the Fort at that time, and my recollection is that it must have been after dinner, the fight well over. As, although we went in immediately and rapidly, we had no serious casualties. Our Brig.-General came to us, as he said, as soon as he could get a horse, and halted us for the night.

One incident of the day was an exceedingly sad one to me. When the Mason & Slidell excitement occurred, General John M. Brannon commanded a brigade in Smith's Division, Army of the Potomac. That brigade consisted of the 47th Pennsylvania Infantry, 49th New York Infantry, 33d New York Infantry and the 7th Maine Infantry. Brannon was ordered to the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, and took the 47th Pennsylvania with him. The 33d New York was a two year regiment, and had been mustered out. Other regiments were added, and this now constituted Bidwell's Brigade of the 1st Division, 6th Corps. Learning that night that two regiments of old friends were near us, we hunted them up, only to find that Major Jones, of the 7th Maine, an officer whom we knew very well, had been killed and his body was at that time lying at the Silver Spring.

The synopsis is that President Lincoln was certainly under fire for some time at the attack on Fort Stevens, July 12, 1864, and in serious danger.

WHEN AND WHERE I SAW LINCOLN.

I was always interested in politics, long before I was a voter. My immediate surroundings and influences were strongly "native American." My initial presidential vote was cast in the Fall of '60, and it is very certain that I was deeply interested months before in the campaign. To have followed the leaning of those whose opinions I treasured, would have carried me into the ranks of the Bell and Everett Party, but as a young man with eyes wide open, watching the current of events, and with ears absorbing the new views sweeping over the country, I read and studied Mr. Lincoln's great speech delivered to young men in the Cooper Institute, New York City. That speech settled my views, and I became an ardent "wide awake," marching and shouting, night after night, through the valleys and over the hills and mountains of Schuylkill Co., Penna., whooping it up with all my might, with the banner of the irresistible Lincoln at the fore. That was a campaign, more like the war following it, than any of its successors, as broken heads, skinned faces and shins and bruised bodies from assaults of sticks and stones hurled by the enemy fully attested. Having carried the "wide awake" lamp through many dangers to elevate Lincoln to the Presidency, what more logical conclusion than at the first call of this great man for volunteers to resist an attempt to overthrow the Government, I should exchange my lamp for a musket and assist in the maintenance of the Government. What a stir that first call for 75,000 men made through the Nation! It reverberated amidst the mountains of my old home and before its echoes died away, over two hundred men were marching through the streets of Pottsville in response, and as many more answered from Berks, Union and Lehigh. Mustered into the United States Service as volunteer soldiers of the Republic, at the Northern Central Railway Station in Harrisburg, on the morning of the 18th of April, 1861, 530 Pennsylvanians boarded cattle cars, hastily fitted up with rough board seats, and the journey to Washington began. It is needless to recite the thrilling march through the streets of Baltimore, where disloyal crowds heaped insults upon the heads of these men and hurled sticks and stones into their ranks. Suffice it to say, as the "shades of night were falling," these First Defenders arrived at the Capital. Under cover of the darkness, no doubt purposely intended, as the journey had been needlessly delayed, the men detrained and marched into the Capitol Building, where all were quartered. These Pennsylvanians arrived in the nick of time to frustrate designs about to be carried out that very night, in the seizure by those disloyal of many of the public buildings and government offices. Our own John W. Forney spread the news of this arrival through the corridors of Willard's Hotel, and being anxious to make the most of it added an additional naught to the sum, saying 5,000 Pennsylvania soldiers had arrived, when 500 was the figure, but the mantle of night had shielded the

OLIVER CHRISTIAN BOSBYSELL.

Private Washington Artillery (Co. H, 25th Penna. Infantry) April 18, 1861; honorably discharged July 29, 1861.

Second Lieutenant 48th Penna. Infantry October 1, 1861; First Lieutenant May 5, 1862; Captain June 2, 1862; Major June 10, 1864; honorably mustered out October 1, 1864.

arrival, so that numbers could not be known. The good old Washington Artillerists were quartered in the rooms from which the ladies' gallery of the Senate chamber was entered, and here, that same evening, April 18th, 1861, came President Abraham Lincoln, to thank the men for their prompt response to the call for troops. Imagine the scene, Companions—here were a lot of sturdy young fellows, suddenly called upon to don the uniform of soldiers, many of whom had never been out of sight of the mountains of their state, spread out upon the hard marble floors of the Capitol of the Nation, in an effort to secure some rest from the fatiguing journey just completed, when every man is brought to his feet by the announcement of the presence of the one man in the United States each one most desired to see—the honored Chief-tain of the Nation, Abraham Lincoln. Profound silence for a moment resulted, broken by the hand clapping and cheers of the tired volunteers. Yes, here, towering over all in the room, was the great central figure of the war. I remember how I was impressed by the kindliness of his face and awkward hanging of his arms and legs, his apparent bashfulness in the presence of these first soldiers of the Republic, and with it all a grave, rather mournful bearing in his attitude. Accompanying the President, in fact his guide and inspirer of the visit, was our own State's great citizen, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. He was highly elated and proud to introduce Mr. Lincoln to the soldier boys of his own Commonwealth, who had outstripped all others in reaching the Capital. The President's words were few, but earnest and impressive; he welcomed them most heartily and expressed his great relief and satisfaction at their presence. He then passed along the ranks shaking the hand of each and every one of the men, retiring quietly to visit others of the command. A kind of awe seemed to come over the boys, and many for the first time realized the peril brought upon the Nation—the close contact with the man at the helm was more than the satisfaction of personal curiosity, it was a kind of baptism of responsibilities, heretofore unheeded, a revelation of a state of profound seriousness in the solving of which each one listening to the great leader's words, felt personally called upon to do his best. The man's presence, his simple charming manner, his plain earnest words, in fact his whole attitude, took away all feeling of a three months' picnic and stamped the movement with a gravity befitting the beginning of a great strife.

The sanguinary battle of Antietam had been fought, and the 9th Army Corps was encamped about the Antietam Iron Works, near the junction of the creek with the Potomac River. The President of the United States was to review McClellan's Command, and great were the preparations therefor. The President desired to visit each camp and it was noised about that he was coming. I remember well that ride through our camp—we were alongside of the 4th U. S. Battery, and here between the two camps came a long array of mounted officers and orderlies, conspicuous amidst which was the long, lank form of Mr. Lincoln, clad in sombre black, a tall beaver hat, with a broad band of crepe around it, covering his head. It was queried then, and we never found out why, that the President should have been given so small a horse to ride, his legs almost touched the ground, and riding beside so majestic a figure as General Burnside and other officers of high rank, our worthy President did not present a very dignified appearance. It is no wonder that a red headed

Irishman of the 4th U. S. Artillery, hastily summoned from his tent on the announcement of the approach of the President, should have given vent to his disgust, when he saw this uncouth figure ambling along on the diminutive beast, by the utterance of two words unfit to write, and drop back into his shelter. Eighteen months of care and worry had left its impress upon the good man's countenance. There was no mirthful twinkle in the eye and heavy lines marked the wasted features of his face. The ride and all he saw may have been interesting to Mr. Lincoln, but no outward sign was visible in the look we had of him as he passed slowly on.

In the Spring of 1864, the 9th Army Corps rendezvoused at Annapolis, Md., where a reorganization took place by reason of the veteranizing of the regiments in the command. The time came for its return to the Army of the Potomac, and on the 24th of April, 1864, the march to Washington began.

The Corps had four divisions, a division of eight large regiments of colored troops having been added to it during its recruiting stay at Annapolis, so the movement of so great a body of troops, the commands fully recruited to their maximum strength, attracted much attention around Washington, and its passage through the city was to be an event of no small importance. It became known that the President himself would review the Corps as it passed through. This caused the men to burnish up their arms and accoutrements and give themselves as fine an appearance as possible. The long and tiresome march through the city on the 25th of April tested the endurance of the command to the uttermost, and many a pair of sore feet resulted therefrom. We entered the city at New York Avenue and thence on to Fourteenth Street, adown which we wended our way over the Long Bridge into Virginia once more. On a portico on the second story of the Fourteenth Street side of the old Willard Hotel stood President Lincoln beside Major-General Burnside, the idol of the 9th Corps. I shall never forget the appearance of the President, he was much changed—three years of war had left its trace across his face. He was, if possible, thinner than ever, and stood a gaunt figure, whose raiment of black hung loosely about his bony shoulders and arms, whilst his countenance was shrunken and pale as death itself. His eyes were lustreless, and whilst apparently observing the moving troops below, they seemed not to see. It looked as though a corpse was propped up on the balcony instead of a solid flesh and blood man. The contrast between the commanding figure of Burnside was most marked, and as we gazed at the two men, sympathy profound welded forth to the great man bearing the burden of a Nation in the throes of war. It was my last look at the martyred President, and I am sure he was no ghastlier in his coffin.

LINCOLN IN PARABLE.

When all have gone who have had speech or touch with Lincoln, will he still be accepted as is Julius Caesar as of the greatest men? When the influence of that touch and that speech has been wholly removed, will Lincoln's greatness still remain? Such was the nature of inquiries recently propounded in a group of thinking men and women, more in anxiety that it might be so, than from any conviction that it would be. The inquiry has forceful answer in Mr. James Ford Rhodes' concluding paragraph to the seventh and last volume of his *History of the United States*. Mr. Rhodes, it will be remembered, is accredited as one of the five American writers of history who have written history with the significant scientific accuracy demanded by modern scholarship. This is Mr. Rhodes' answer to the inquiry: "The United States was a better country in 1877 than the United States was in 1850. For slavery was abolished, the doctrine of secession was dead, and Lincoln's character and fame had become a possession of the Nation." The possession is secure, the title indefeasible with all the muniments that belong to it. It is the title of conquest, a title by purchase, purchased by the blood of four hundred thousand soldier lives; a title by descent, American descent, his descent, wholly and solely an American descent. It is not a marketable title, it cannot be sold, it will not be surrendered; it cannot be transmitted by intestacy, or diverted by devise. It is greater than a fee, a fee is to him and his heirs forever and no man can be heir to a living person. The Nation can have no heirs, it will never die, it will live forever. It is rather a title by doxology, a title of kingdom, of glory, of power forever and forever until time shall be no more. Bear in mind that this National possession of the character and fame of Abraham Lincoln is no passing tribute, no mere plaudit, no resounding epitaph, but with hearing had, cause argued, proofs weighed, the decree is entered and the judgment pronounced by the gravest tribunal known to nations, the high court of scientific historic research. It is the judgment and conclusion of another generation, not of his. This conclusion bears another and unique significance that concurrent with what the country fought to gain, it was worth all a great war cost to secure as a national possession the character and fame of such a man as Lincoln.

JAMES WILLIAM LATTA.

First Lieutenant 119th Penna. Infantry September 1, 1862; Captain March 4, 1864; discharged to accept staff appointment May 19, 1864.

Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers April 20, 1864; honorably mustered out January 20, 1866.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers December 5, 1864, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Winchester, Va., and for his habitual good conduct and deportment on all the battlefields of the campaign before Richmond, Va.;" Lieut.-Colonel April 16, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services in the cavalry battles of Ebenezer Church, Ala., and Columbus, Ga."

With close analysis and subtle discrimination it seems conclusive that there are no parables except the parables of the New Testament, but Lincoln, with his myth, his allegory, his fable, his proverb, approached them at times as near as can be anywhere found in literature.

PARABLE OF THE FRAMED TIMBERS.

In his Springfield speech on the 16th of June, 1858, before the Republican Convention that placed him in nomination for United States Senator, Lincoln in associating the incidents that led to the then prevailing conviction, that before rendering its decision in the Dred Scott case, the Supreme Court had permitted itself to be compromised by a pre-announcement, adroitly made use of the parable, partially concealing the identity of the principal figures in the drama, Douglass, Pierce, Taney and Buchanan, by using their Christian names only.

"We cannot absolutely know," said Mr. Lincoln, "that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten together at different times and places and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger and James, for instance—and we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house, or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few, not omitting even scaffolding—or if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such piece in—in such a case we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn up before the first blow was struck."

PARABLE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

The Convention that assembled in Cleveland in May of 1864 and nominated John C. Fremont for President and John Cochran for Vice-President gave promise of a large attendance, estimated in the thousands. The movement was supported by men of prominence in the party dissatisfied and disappointed with the conduct of affairs, and their disaffection caused much anxiety. The fears, however, proved groundless, the estimated thousands had materialized only to the number of about four hundred. A close friend of the administration obtaining early information of these unexpected conditions hastened to the White House to impart it. Lincoln thereupon reached for his well thumbed Bible, and opening it at I Samuel XXII 2, read: "and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men."

A distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar, in an address on the occasion of the Franklin Bi-Centennary, alluding to the incident where in its assembled presence The French Academy of Science commanded the two philosophers, Voltaire and Franklin, to embrace each other and then hailed them as Sophocles and Solon, wisely said: "Better still might they have greeted him alone as a blended Socrates and Aristotle—literally as great as either—beneficially as to daily wants, more useful than both." And still better yet, is it that on this anniversary night as we so closely approach the

Lincoln first centennary, we are permitted to blend the genius of Franklin with the genius of Lincoln as a rich inheritance of wisdom, philosophy and patriotism beneficially bestowed by each in his respective sphere for man's betterment and the country's good.

Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are sometimes grouped as a glorious military trinity, but Lincoln was the single statesman of his day, the giant personality of his age.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

Our country may boast of many of her sons; point to them and say, "These have done their deeds valiantly;" nevertheless, however resplendent may have been these deeds, she still justly looks with pride to Washington, and says, "But thou excellest them all."

Grouped around this great and incomparable one are many of the favored sons of our country, of whom the united voice of the civilized world has proclaimed, "These are among the chosen sons of men." In this group stand those who by their discoveries in, and development by, science, have taken the secrets from the storehouse of nature, utilized them for the betterment and pleasure of mankind; and also those who, with pencil and brush, have taken the forms and colors of nature to refine and beautify civilization. Christianity has her representatives in this wonderful group, who, by their pleading eloquence, have pointed the world to a higher and nobler life.

How brilliantly shine forth the statesmen from the coterie of our country's great ones! We need look no further than to those who assembled in 1776 and 1783, and from their wisdom, knowledge, patriotism and courage evolved a new system of civil government, which has more nearly compassed perfection of human government than the world has ever known, or publicists, statesmen or philosophers of old ever dreamed of.

All governments of the world have sought and dreamed of glory and conquest by their armies and navies, but our country has developed great officers of army and navy who have never been defeated in finally securing the object for which they fought, and they have never fought for conquest or subjugation, but always for personal liberty and human rights.

The pages of history have been enriched and illuminated by the literature and philosophy of our great ones whose names have been written on the tablets of Fame by the judgment of the world's best critics.

But there stands forth from among all these praised and honored ones of our country one unique, peculiar and characteristic, one who comes like a prophet of old, proclaiming a higher, better and nobler freedom without limitation, except by equal and just laws, proclaiming the slave and bondsman

MOSES VEALE.

Second Lieutenant 109th Penna. Infantry February 20, 1862; Captain May 1, 1863; Major May 4, 1864; transferred to 111th Penna. Infantry March 31, 1865; honorably mustered out June 8, 1865.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the recent campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas."

Awarded the "Medal of Honor" under resolution of Congress "for gallantry in action, manifesting throughout the engagement coolness, zeal, judgment and courage at the battle of Wauhatchie, Tenn., October 28, 1863."

free, the love and sympathy of whose great heart seemed to beat in harmony and unison with the will of the Divine One.

See this prophetic figure standing upon the sacred field of Gettysburg, beholding visions of his country advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the view of his own generation; beyond, indeed, the imagination or conception of ordinary human intellect, and at the same time forecasting his own destiny and fate. In view of all this, knowing that his country's enemies would destroy this great advancing destiny, and with their hatred, malice and uncharitableness, would consign his memory to eternal infamy—in view of all this, he could utter those immortal words, "With malice toward none; with charity for all," pregnant with the spirit of that other cry which came from the Holy Mount centuries ago, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." How strange, how very strange, that any arm could have been found directed against the incarnate life of such a spirit as this! And stranger still it is that the united voice of the civilized world was not raised in execration of the cause which could produce such a result!

To illustrate the nobility, kindness and gentleness of this great heart—for to reach his ear with a story of sadness and trouble was to reach his heart, and to be compelled to refuse a favor was to give him sadness—I remember a case of the Colonel of an eastern regiment who had his wife with him a distance south of Washington, and by an accident his wife was killed. At that time no one was permitted to visit Washington without a permit from the Secretary of War. The Colonel obtained the permit and visited Washington, and went to the Secretary of War to obtain a permit to take the body of his wife to his home for burial. The Secretary refused, and the poor Colonel's heart was almost broken. He determined to apply to the President, who was staying at the Soldiers' Home. He arrived at the Soldiers' Home and saw the President, who seemed disturbed in mind by some adverse news. The Colonel made his application, and the President replied, "This is the business of the Secretary of War." "Yes, Mr. President, I have seen the Secretary, and he has refused." The President said, "Sadness is the common heritage of us all, and we must all take our share."

The Colonel, with unspeakable sadness, returned to Washington. The next morning, very early, a knock came upon his bedroom door, and there stood the President of the United States. The Colonel was amazed. The President said, "Colonel, yesterday I was harsh and unkind to you, and have been unable all night to sleep; come with me." They went to the Secretary of War, obtained the permit, and the Colonel took the body of his dear wife to the hillside of their country home for burial.

That kind and gentle soul could not rest because he thought he had done an unkindness.

Upon the arrival of Sherman's Army at Raleigh, N. C., I received an order from General Slocum to return to Savannah, Georgia, by way of New York, and forward all troops remaining in Savannah belonging to the Army of Georgia to headquarters of the Army of Georgia. On the day the steamer was to sail for Savannah, I went to the breakfast table early. A gentleman sitting at the table said to me, "The President has been assassinated!" I understood the words but could not realize the import, and asked him what he had said. He repeated it, and still I could not comprehend. I immediately left the table,

bought a newspaper, read the dispatches, and still could not believe. I went into the street and saw men standing in groups, seeming to converse in whispers. There was no great outbreak of passion or anger ; his great spirit of "charity for all" seemed to pervade all loyal hearts. When the last great act came, and the head of the conspiracy was in the hands of the Government, no cry of vengeance was heard, but the spirit of the great President's words, "With malice toward none ; with charity for all," found a response in all hearts throughout the land. And his spirit still hovers over our land, commanding peace, peace. And we will all, with loving hope and faith pray that when his life's fitful fever ended, and he left the bosom of his Mother Earth, he went to the arms of his Father, God.

LINCOLN AND THE PEOPLE.

A notable contribution to Lincoln literature has been made during the last year by Alonzo Rothschild in "Lincoln, Master of Men—a study in character."

Not the least interesting thing about it is the portrait frontispiece, which is evidently a reproduction of the Brady untouched negative, which is a striking and faithful likeness of the great Emancipator. The various reproductions of this untouched negative give the only adequate representation of Lincoln's personality which I have ever seen.

The book is a striking and, in many respects, picturesque presentation of the manner in which Lincoln dominated his fellow men, and of his complete mastery of those who set themselves against and attempted to dominate him. From the physical mastery of Jack Armstrong, the bully of Clary's Grove, until at his deathbed, it is said: "Among all the public men in the sorrowing company, no grief was keener than that of his iron war minister. None of them had tested, as had Edwin M. Stanton, the extraordinary resources of the stricken chief. It was fitting, therefore, that he, 'as passed the strong, heroic soul away,' should pronounce its eulogy—'There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen.'" The book recounts, in a most graphic way, how in debate at the leading tribunals, in cabinet council and in correspondence with generals on the field, he easily dominated the master minds which presumed to dispute with him the mastery, or to test the supremacy of his power. Stanton's tribute was as true as it was sincere. Why the most perfect ruler of men the world had ever seen? Because he was the perfect ruler of himself. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

The dedication of this book is significant: "To the memory of my father, John Rothschild, one of the plain people who believed in Lincoln." Why this belief of the plain people in Lincoln? Because Lincoln believed in the plain people. He was one of them. He knew them intimately and was able to interpret their thoughts, their motives, their aspirations and their aims, and had absolute faith in their integrity of purpose and in the safety and saneness of their ultimate conclusions.

Lincoln was a man of keen vision, of almost prophet's ken. He penetrated almost intuitively the thin veneer of patriotism which often covered pelf. He was not deceived by the wretched shams and pretexts behind which men, under the pretense of serving their country, sought to serve themselves. Probably no man who ever lived was called upon to see, in all its naked deformity, the utter selfishness of self than he, and yet, notwithstanding it all,

JAMES ADDAMS BEAVER.

First Lieutenant 2d Penna. Infantry April 21, 1861; honorably mustered out July 22, 1861.

Lieut.-Colonel 45th Penna. Infantry October 21, 1861; discharged for promotion September 4, 1862.

Colonel 148th Penna. Infantry September 8, 1862; honorably discharged for disability from wounds received in battle December 22, 1864.

Brevetted Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers August 1, 1864, "for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct throughout the campaign, particularly for valuable services at Cold Harbor while commanding a brigade."

he believed, and rightly believed, that in the main and on the average, the plain people wanted to be, intended to be, and were, right. With him, the old adage "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," expressed an absolute and unqualified truth. In his belief in it is to be found the motives which influenced and the power which controlled, in meeting the overwhelming responsibilities and cares, and in discharging the unparalleled duties which devolved upon him.

Master of men? Yes. Master of himself? Yes. Why master? Because he was ready to follow the only masters whom he recognized, and subjected himself to the will of those whom he regarded as his superiors, and who, so far as he was concerned, were omnipotent—Almighty God and the American people—and he saw clearly the will of the former through the voice of the latter.

Leader? Yes. Follower? Yes. Paradoxical as it may seem, he was both, but he followed at the head of the procession. This was his rightful place. How well he filled it meets more and more the recognition of the people of all classes whom he led out into the large place which we now occupy as a nation.

Lincoln, with his trained reasoning faculties, reached conclusions which were far in advance of the general thought of the people, but logical conclusions are based upon premises and with Lincoln these premises were the immutable principles of right lodged in the minds of the common people which were logically and inevitably bound to issue in the conclusions which he had already reached; hence, in thought, in speech, in the discussion of great fundamental principles, Lincoln was a radical; and yet, in administration, in the discharge of executive duties, where he was called upon to act for others, he was a conservative. Whilst he could see clearly and believe with all his heart, and could, therefore, announce bravely that a house divided against itself could not stand, and must inevitably fall, he was, nevertheless, ready, when the duty devolved upon him, to make the supreme effort to save that house, notwithstanding its divisions, and to save it, with or without the divisive elements, as might seem best at the time. There is, therefore, no necessary moral antagonism between his position in the Douglass debates and his Cooper Union speech, in assuming the former position as a theoretical statement of practical truth, and in his letter to Horace Greeley, announcing the latter, because in the one case he was expressing an individual opinion as an individual citizen leading the thought of his fellows, and, in the other, he was a sworn executive, intent only upon obeying the will of the people as he saw it. In the discussion of principles, he could be a radical of the radicals, because of his belief in the fundamental truths under discussion, and yet in administration he could be a conservative of the conservatives, because of his absolute faith in the people and his belief that in the working out of the principles the people would finally reach righteous conclusions, and in that faith he was ready to go with them only so fast and so far as they indicated their belief, by their general thought finding ultimate expression in their ballots. He could say to radicals like Greeley and Chase and Stevens, and others of like fiery temper and spirit, "Yes, you are theoretically right, but practically wrong. If I am to lead these people I must not separate myself from them. Whatever my individual thoughts may be, whatever the logical conclusions of my mind, based upon the premises which I admit to be sound and true, nevertheless I

must not separate myself from the people. If I am to lead, I must stay with the procession."

Herein, we take it, is to be found the strength of Lincoln's character as a man and his power as a ruler. The truth might be crystal clear to his keen vision, as abstract truth, and yet it was not to be put into practice until the people should come to see it in its clearness.

Oh! the patience of the man, the patience almost infinite! The patience which could wait; which, notwithstanding the clearness of his own vision, could restrain self and apparently sacrifice for the time the great principles which made for truth and righteousness, until the slow but sure thought of the people led to the point where the majority at least could unite in putting into practice the abstract truths so long held and clearly seen.

“Lincoln embodied to the mind of the people two great issues that were really only one—the preservation of the American Union and the abolition of slavery. At the root of both there lay a moral principle, and both appealed with overwhelming force to sentiment. They were so plain, so vividly defined that no sophistry could obscure them, no shrewd debater reason them away. And so, back of the supercilious politicians at the Capital were the masses of the people, their eyes fixed with pathetic faith and loyalty upon that tall, gaunt, stooping, homely man, who to their minds meant everything that makes a cause worth dying for.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 12 1908

1908

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel John P. Nicholson
Recorder, Compiler

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 12, 1908

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (LaRue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865.

"My Personal Recollections of President Abraham Lincoln"

COMPANION MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES

"Lincoln was an extraordinary man. He triumphed over the adverse conditions of his early years because Nature had bestowed on him high and rare powers. Superficial observers who saw his homely aspect and plain manners, and noted that his fellow townsmen, when asked why they so trusted him, answered that it was for his common sense, failed to see that his common sense was a part of his genius. What is common sense but the power of seeing the fundamentals of any practical question and of disengaging them from the accidental and transient features that may overlie these fundamentals—the power, to use a familiar expression, of getting down to bed rock? One part of this power is the faculty for perceiving what the average man will think and can be induced to do. This is what keeps the superior mind in touch with the ordinary mind, and this is perhaps why the name of "common sense" is used, because the superior mind seems in its power of comprehending others to be itself a part of the general sense of the community. All men of high practical capacity have this power. It is the first condition of success. But in men who have received a philosophical or literary education there is a tendency to embellish, for purposes of persuasion, or perhaps for their own gratification, the language in which they recommend their conclusions, or to state those conclusions in the light of large general principles, a tendency which may, unless carefully watched, carry them too high above the heads of the crowd. Lincoln, never having had such an education, spoke to the people as one of themselves."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MR. COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS:—I first met Abraham Lincoln in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1859. I had been making a reconnoissance west of the Missouri River, and on my return to Council Bluffs stopped at the Pacific Hotel. After dinner Mr. Lincoln sought me out and engaged me in conversation about what I knew of the country west of the Missouri River, and greatly impressed me by the great interest he displayed in the work in which I was engaged, and he stated that there was nothing more important before the nation at that time than the building of a railroad to the Pacific coast. He ingeniously extracted a great deal of information from me, and I found the secrets I was holding for my employers in the East had been given to him. He had just closed his great debate with Douglas, and having bought some property in Council Bluffs, Iowa, had taken a vacation and rest by crossing the State of Missouri by rail, and had come to Council Bluffs by boat on the Missouri river to look at his property and the future prospects of that town.

The same day he addressed a large gathering of citizens of the town and surrounding country in the public square. Among others I listened to his speech, which was very able, attractive and convincing. His method of presenting his argument was very simple, and so well-defined that it was easy for anyone to comprehend it. It was his convincing methods that made him so attractive as a public speaker. I know that I left the crowd absolutely convinced that what he had said was true, and his policy on the negro question in national affairs should be adopted.

My second interview with him was in 1863. While in command at Corinth I received an order from General Grant to report to the President in Washington. As no explanation came with the order it alarmed me, as I had been arming some negroes to guard a contraband camp. In the expedition of my forces from Corinth into the heart of Mississippi, and up the valley of the Tennessee, there had followed our troops several thousand negroes without means of support. I had established a contraband camp outside of Corinth under Chaplain Alexander, and started a system of locating these negroes on abandoned plantations. I had guarded the camp with my own troops, but at that time there was objection on the part of the troops to guarding negroes,

GRENVILLE MELLEN DODGE.

Colonel 4th Iowa Infantry July 6, 1861; discharged to accept promotion April 30, 1862.

Brig.-General U. S. Volunteers March 21, 1862; Major-General June 7, 1864; resigned and honorably discharged May 30, 1866.

and several times unruly negroes had been shot at. Chaplain Alexander came to me one day and said if I would furnish him arms he would organize two companies of negroes to guard the camps, and I could detail some non-commissioned officers he knew of to act as officers of the companies. I thought this a good solution of our troubles and furnished the arms and details. This caused adverse comment and criticism, because I had no authority under the regulations for such action, and when I received this order from General Grant I was very much alarmed, and thought I was to be called to account for this action, but when I reached Washington and reported to the President I found that he had not forgotten our conversation on the Pacific Hotel steps, and had called me to consult as to the proper place for the initial point of the Union Pacific Railway, which under the law of 1862 he was to select. There was great competition from all the towns on both sides of the Missouri River for fifty miles above and below Council Bluffs, Iowa, for this initial point. I found Mr. Lincoln well posted in all the controlling reasons covering such a selection, and we went into the matter and discussed all the arguments presented by the different localities on the Missouri River. I detailed to him as fully as I could without my maps or data where, from an engineering and commercial point of view, the Union Pacific Railway should make its starting point on the Western boundary of Iowa. The physical conditions of the road both east and west of the Missouri River controlled this selection, and he finally located it where I suggested at Council Bluffs, Iowa, by two orders. The first not being sufficiently definite was supplemented by a second some months later, which reads as follows: -

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, November 17, 1863.

In pursuance of the fourteenth section of the Act of Congress, entitled 'An Act to aid in the construction of a Railroad and Telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and to secure to the Government the use of the same for postal, military and other purposes,' approved July 1, 1862, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby fix so much of the western boundary of the State of Iowa as lies between the north and south boundaries of the United States Township, within which the City of Omaha is situated, as the point from which the line of railroad and telegraph in that section shall be constructed.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

After this discussion of the location, he took up with me the question of building the road. The law of 1862 had failed to bring any capital or parties to undertake the work, and I said to him that in my opinion private enterprise could not build the road. Mr. Lincoln said the Government had its hands full and could not undertake the work, but were ready to support any company to its fullest legal extent, and amend the law so as to enable them to issue securities that would furnish the necessary funds. On leaving Mr. Lincoln, and bidding him good-bye, I never for one moment have forgotten his cordiality and the things he said to me. I came from Washington to New York and had a session with the parties then connected with the Union Pacific Railway, John A. Dix, Henry Farnam, T. S. Durant, George Francis Train, and others, and informed them of the result of my visit and what President Lincoln had said. They were greatly encouraged and immediately went to work and prepared and presented to Congress the Union Pacific bill of 1864, which was passed,

and under which the road was built in some four years, while Congress allowed ten years for its construction, and it was the faith, energy and comprehensive grasp of Lincoln of what its building meant to the United States that induced Congress to pass liberal laws, and made it possible to raise the funds to accomplish the work.

I did not see President Lincoln again until after the Atlanta campaign. While I was convalescing from wounds received at Atlanta, General Grant invited me to visit him at City Point. It was at a time when everything around Petersburg looked blue. The desertions from our army were about equal to the enlistments, and there was a general demand that Grant should move. I spent two weeks looking at the Army of the Potomac, the finest and best equipped army I ever saw. I visited all the commands of the Armies of the James and Potomac as they surrounded Petersburg and held the north side of the James River, and became acquainted with most of its army and corps commanders. Evenings we would sit around the camp fire at City Point, and General Grant in that comprehensive and conversational way he had of describing any event, when he felt at liberty to talk freely, which is shown so plainly in his Memoirs, told me of his campaign from the Wilderness to City Point, of many of his plans that failed to materialize for various reasons that he gave. After listening several evenings to the discussion of these matters I asked General Grant very innocently and naturally who was responsible for the failure of these plans, and looking at me in that humorous way which was in his disposition he replied: "That, General, has not yet been determined."

While at City Point I visited the Army of the James, then commanded by General Butler, when he attempted to break through the enemy's lines on the north side of the James, and saw the attack and failure. I was greatly impressed as I saw the troops move up to the attack, and stand so steadily, and receive the destructive fire of the enemy without taking cover. In the West, under similar conditions, our men would have gone to cover when they saw there was no possibility of carrying the works before them, but here they seemed to wait for an order, and my anxiety for them was such that I could not help expressing my surprise that they did not either charge or cover, but they stood there taking a murderous fire until the command to retire was given. In the West while they stood there our whole line would have found shelter behind trees, or buried themselves. As I was leaving City Point General Grant suggested I should call on President Lincoln as I returned to my command in the Army of the Tennessee. General Rufus Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, and Major-General Burk, of the British Army, who commanded in Canada, were on the headquarters boat that took me to Washington. When I arrived I went immediately to the White House. In the ante-room I met Senator Harlan of Iowa, who took me immediately to President Lincoln. He had a room full of callers, and asked me to sit down until he disposed of the waiting crowd. I sat there and watched President Lincoln dispose of one after another, always in a kindly way. After waiting a long time I felt that, perhaps, he had disposed of me in the same way he had the others, and I took occasion to say to him that I had only called to pay my respects, and unless he desired me to wait longer, I would bid him good-bye. He immediately asked me to wait, saying he desired to see me if I had the time to spare. After the crowd had gone the doors were closed.

President Lincoln saw I was ill at ease, not knowing what I was there for or what to say, but he sat me down near his desk, and crossing his legs, took down a small book ; I think it was called the " Gospel of Peace ;" anyhow, it was very humorous, and as he read some extracts from it he soon had me laughing and at my ease.

He was called to lunch and took me with him ; and then he continued the same methods he did the first time I saw him, and extracted from me all I had seen on my visit to General Grant and the Army of the Potomac, got my views, and finally drew me out until he had obtained from me an answer something like this : " You know, Mr. President, we in the West have no doubts about Grant, and, if he is given time, I have no doubt he will soon whip Lee's Army. When, or how, I confess I cannot see, but that he will I have no doubt whatever." As I said this we were leaving the table, and Lincoln brightened up, took my hand in his, and said, with great solemnity : " I am so glad to hear you say that." As I bade him good-bye, I asked him if there was anything I could do to repay his great kindness to me. He answered only : " If you don't object, I would like to have you take to your army, when you go, my kindest regards."

I was then too young to weigh and comprehend all that was said, but in after years, when I learned the great crisis pending, I saw how completely he took me into his power and extracted my innermost thoughts, and what a satisfaction it was to have me express that implicit faith in General Grant while so many were disseminating charges and denouncing his great battles as great destruction of life without proper compensation.

In after years I learned that Grant knew the conflict in Washington, and knew that if I had the opportunity I would give the President an unprejudiced view of what I saw and learned.

It was intended on my return that I should resume command of my corps and move with Sherman in his campaign from Atlanta to the sea, but I had not fully recovered from the wounds received at Atlanta, and Sherman did not think it prudent for me to attempt it, so I was assigned to the command at Vicksburg that was to move from there to the rear of Mobile, and in connection with General Canby capture that place, but I was stopped at Cairo and ordered to St. Louis. General Rosecrans was then in command of that Department, and General Price of the rebel army had made a campaign through the State of Missouri, overrunning it, and Mr. Lincoln and General Grant were both disappointed that Rosecrans did not stop him, as they considered he had sufficient forces to do so, and General Grant wrote President Lincoln asking him to relieve Rosecrans and assign me to the command, which was done. This command was a promotion to me, but was a disappointment. Missouri was torn with civil and political dissensions, and had given the President more trouble than any other State in the Union. It was half Union and half Rebel; brother against brother and father against son. The State was overrun with Guerrillas and partisan bands, and although then under partial Union government, nobody was satisfied with it. General Schofield had been in command before Rosecrans, and had pursued a very conservative policy along the line laid down by President Lincoln, but it was not satisfactory to either side, but Schofield had laid the basis for the final successful solving of the problem. However, the opposition from both parties was so strong that President Lincoln was

forced to relieve him, but in doing so complimented General Schofield highly upon his administration and promoted him to be a Major-General, but both parties in Missouri were strong enough to prevent his confirmation by the Senate. After the Senate adjourned Mr. Lincoln reappointed him, but his appointment hung fire in the Senate until after the battle of Chattanooga, when Grant, wishing an officer to relieve General Foster in East Tennessee, who was obliged to give up his command on account of his wounds, asked for General Schofield to take that command. As soon as President Lincoln received General Grant's dispatch he saw his opportunity and used it to induce the Senate to confirm Schofield, who went to the command of the Army of the Ohio, and commanded it with great ability and success until the end of the war. President Lincoln in sticking to and supporting Schofield showed that trait in his character that was so prominent of never dropping a friend he had confidence in, no matter how great the pressure upon him. He had sometimes, as he said, let go his hold, but spit on his hands and got a new and better one, which brought results.

I assumed command of the Department and Army of Missouri on December 2, 1864, and thus came again into direct communication with President Lincoln. There had been many dispatches sent to General Rosecrans to send all the troops he could spare to General Thomas, who was in a death struggle with Hood at Nashville. As soon as I assumed command I received a dispatch from General Halleck to send all the force I could spare to the support of Thomas, and he quoted a dispatch from General Grant to himself in which Grant requested him to telegraph me to send all the troops I could spare to General Thomas, and stated in his dispatch to me that General Grant says "with such an order you can be relied upon to send all that can properly go." I learned afterwards that that portion of the dispatch was added by Mr. Lincoln, who was greatly disturbed at General Thomas' position, and said it might induce me to make an extra effort to help Thomas out.

I looked the field over, and could see no reason why United States forces should be retained in that State, as there was no organized force of the enemy in it except Guerrillas and partisan bands, and the Missouri State Militia, some 10,000 in number, which were mustered into the United States service upon condition that they should not leave the State, I felt was ample to take care of it, so I sent to General Thomas every regiment in the State, even one that was not fully organized and mustered in, including two divisions of the 16th Corps, all under General A. J. Smith, making an independent force of about 15,000 men, which, as you know, was the force that turned Hood's left at the battle of Nashville, and started the complete defeat of his army.

While I was in command of this Department President Lincoln was often in communication with me. He had a very kindly feeling for the Union people of Missouri. He had imbibed it from the beginning when Blair and Lyon had saved the State from joining the Confederacy. I found the prisons at Alton and St. Louis filled with prisoners of war, and with persons and citizens who sympathized with the rebels. I wanted to send them through the lines to the south or north, out of the State of Missouri, whichever they thought best, and wrote to the War Department that it was cheaper to fight than to feed them, but Mr. Lincoln did not approve this. But when I had to make a campaign on the plains in the winter of 1864-65 I recommended that these prisoners

be allowed to enlist to fight Indians. I ascertained upon consulting them that they were anxious to do this if they were not asked to fight in the South. Mr. Lincoln approved this, and I emptied the prisons by organizing five regiments known as United States Volunteers, but called "Reconstructed Rebs," and later on under me they did gallant service, and endured hardships and sufferings that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive of. My escort in this campaign was a company of Pennsylvania cavalry.

Mr. Lincoln's letters to me as to the policy to be pursued in Missouri made me look carefully into the work and plans of General Schofield, and I followed them as far as practicable. I made up my mind not to take any part in the civil government, but to look carefully after the military, and issued some very drastic orders that brought down on my head protest after protest, and appeals to President Lincoln. When I explained to him that as long as I kept troops quartered in the towns that it was an invitation to all the discontented to make trouble, but when I withdrew my troops and made citizens responsible for feeding and harboring any rebel person or band without reporting it within twenty-four hours to the nearest United States post, the penalty being death, that the people of the State would make it impossible for these guerrilla bands to organize and roam over the State, he approved my action, and the result was peace and quiet in the State, and in January, 1865, I left the State to take care of itself, while with my troops I made the Indian campaign of that winter.

While in command of the Department of Missouri I daily saw what a kind heart Mr. Lincoln had, and how his sympathy went out to everyone in trouble, and his great desire to save life. The conflict in Missouri was a bitter, personal, revengeful one. I remember the day before President Lincoln's assassination a lady came to see me whose son was about to be executed for murder committed as a guerrilla. She had been to Washington to save him, and had seen the President. She brought me Mr. Lincoln's card, on the back of which he had written: "My dear General Dodge: Cannot you do something for this lady, who is in much trouble?" I understood the case; that, while he would not interfere, he hoped that I could see my way to do so, and he disposed of the lady in that way. The lady, in presenting the case, supposed that card alone would pardon her son, but when I told her I would consider it, she was indignant, and left, no doubt determined to report me to the President, and appeal over my head. That evening President Lincoln was assassinated; all officers holding important commands were notified in the night, so that they could prepare for the excitement that was bound to come. I was especially cautioned to prepare for trouble in Missouri. It was thought it would anger the Union men in the State, and cause an uprising and acts of revenge upon the rebel sympathizers. I brought into the City of St. Louis such troops as were near, and issued an order suspending all business, and warning both sides to remain in their houses, and prohibiting any gathering of crowds on the streets, but I found that the Southern people were more distressed at the great crime, if possible, than the Union side. The streets of St. Louis were deserted for two days, and there was nothing but sorrow exhibited on both sides. The lady called the next day and asked me for the card; said she desired to keep it as a memento, no doubt giving up all hope for her son; but I did not have it in my heart, after Lincoln's death, to carry out the order of the court, and therefore commuted the sentence to imprisonment.

When the remains of President Lincoln were brought to Springfield, Illinois, I repaired there with my troops and staff, and took part in the last sad rites to one who from the time I first knew him in 1859 until his death had been more than a friend to me, who all through my service in the war had not only said kind words to me, but had raised me to the highest rank and command in the army.

Notwithstanding the trials and criticisms of his career, to-day there is no person in the world with one word of fault to find, who knows of his acts. Even the London Punch, that criticised and ridiculed Mr. Lincoln during his administration, changed, and after his death said it was sorry and regretted its course, holding that it was a remarkable man who could indite in a car on a train on his trip to Gettysburg that remarkable tribute, so strong in English, so expressive, eloquent and sympathetic, and said that his Gettysburg speech had changed their whole course and opinion of Lincoln.

Lincoln's great ability, his pure administration, his kind but firm hand, has disarmed all criticism, and to-day no one names him but in words of respect and love, and his name the world over is coupled in the trinity Washington, Lincoln and Grant, the creators and saviours of the Union.

As President, "he was trying the case before the great jury of the people, absolutely confident that if he could state it to them truly as it was they would bring in the right verdict. He knew them and how to appeal to them not as a demagogue, but, as it were, the voice of their own enlightened judgment. He could quicken in them that sense of duty and of destiny which, once it possessed them, would prove itself invincible.

Trying the case thus before the jury of the people—at once trusting to them and guiding them—you see the sharp limitation put upon his actions. 'The man who must continually stand aside from his own executive acts in order to explain and to convince is rendered by so much less effective in purely executive work.' Hence the harsh criticism and vile abuse he had to bear from those who saw the weary war drag on and did not recognize, as Lincoln recognized, that his power was wholly delegated power. If he was to save the Union it could only be by arousing in the people 'that which could do the work for them and for him.'

He had his fixed purpose. He waited on events for his policy, going forward as a solitary hunter might who sought a quarry in a tangled underbrush. Such a hunter must proceed step by step, trusting for guidance as he advances. And so Mr. Lincoln—like another man not quite unknown to fame—watched the West, took his cue from it for his next move when he could find one; appealed for support to the plain people, not to the Congress or the masters of the market in New York when he was clear himself what the next move should be—knowing whence his power came and whither returned."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR

BY

JOHN G. BROWN

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOHN G. BROWN

AND

JOHN G. BROWN

AND

JOHN G. BROWN

AND

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AND

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 3 1909

1909

Brevet Lieut.-Colonel John P. Nicholson
Recorder, Compiler

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 3, 1909

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky
Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"Lincoln and His Veterans"

COMPANION CHAPLAIN HENRY C. MCCOOK, D. D., L.L. D.

"Lincoln Literature"

COMPANION BREVET MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT

"At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide.

I hope I am over wary; but if I am not, there is even now something of ill omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country—the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. This disposition is awfully fearful in any community; and that it now exists in ours, though grating to our feelings to admit, it would be a violation of truth and an insult to our intelligence to deny. Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form the every-day news of the times. They have pervaded the country from New England to Louisiana; they are neither peculiar to the eternal snows of the former nor the burning suns of the latter; they are not the creatures of climate."

(From Lincoln's address before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, 27 January, 1837.)

LINCOLN AND HIS VETERANS

A CENTENARY ODE

Read by the Author
Companion Chaplain HENRY C. McCook, D. D.

I.

THE VETERANS AS VOLUNTEERS.

Turn back the gates of Time, ye Veteran band,
Youth of the Sixties, saviors of our Land!
List! Hear you not our Chieftain's high command
Sound down the vista of the garnered years
The Nation's war-trump on our startled ears?
Hearken the echoes! Hear those swelling cries!
See host on host, from sea to sea, arise!
With brows unwrinkled, and with undimmed eyes,
With forms unbent by age, with unflecked hair,
A Nation's force and fire embodied there!
With springing, swinging step they Southward move,
Their youthful hearts aflame with newborn love
For that dear Flag they proudly bear above.
With loyal cheers the hills and prairies ring,
And patriot songs our fathers used to sing;
With beat of bounding hearts and vocal tongues,
Marching in time to Freedom's war-born songs;
Thund'ring their mighty cry from shore to shore:
"We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

II.

THE VETERANS AT LINCOLN'S BIER.

Hearken again! The tread of marching men!
As seasoned heroes see them come again!
Wh'er the Nation's Leader bade them on,
With hearts unfaltering there that host had gone.
Through rivers stained with fratricidal blood,
In fevered camp, on battled field and flood,
Till o'er the war-thinned ranks of faded blue
Their tattered Union Flags victorious flew.
And now they come, his mourning Veterans come
To bear their fallen Leader to his tomb!
With arms reversed and draped, with muffled drum,
With Flags festooned with crape and drooping low,
With downcast face, with solemn step and slow,
The joy of victory quenched in tears of woe,
Amidst the Nation's sorrowing hosts they go!

HENRY CHRISTOPHER MCCOOK.

First Lieutenant 41st Illinois Infantry August 7, 1861; discharged for promotion October 1, 1861.

Chaplain 41st Illinois Infantry October 1, 1861; resigned and honorably discharged January 8, 1862.

Chaplain 2nd Penna. Infantry May 26, 1898; honorably mustered out Nov. 15, 1898.

TAPS.

Lights are out! Now to Rest!
 On thy dear Native Land's loving breast
 Comrade sleep, while we weep
 Over thee!
 Lights are out! Hero sleep,
 While the Nation thine Honor will keep
 Till the Angels shall sound
 Reveille!

III.

THE VETERANS AT LINCOLN'S CENTENARY

Companions, Comrades, we are met once more!
 The old-time summons sounds; but from the shore
 Whereon the spirits of the Mighty Dead
 Repose in Peace, the Leader and the Led.
 A Remnant we; yet, through the parting wall
 So near, so thin, we seem to hear his call
 Whose fadeless Fame is the resistless thrall
 That draws his Veterans, draws the Nation all!
 We come—a grizzled, bowed and broken corps;
 The rushing ride, the weary march, are o'er;
 No more on battle-deck or battled plain
 We feel the thrill of martial zeal again;
 But round the hearth, or mimic camp-fire's blaze,
 Or mustered where the great assembly pays
 Its tribute of undying love and praise,
 Live o'er with waning zest, our war-time days.
 Yet, though these failing limbs wax weak and old,
 One spot within our hearts shall ne'er grow cold,
 Nor Honor burn with less effulgent flame—
 Where reverent love records our LINCOLN'S name!

IV.

VETERANS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

And former foes, no longer foeman, come,
 Their hostile passions silenced at his tomb.
 His name they knew; but now they know the Man;
 Large hearted, broad of mind, no partisan,
 But covering in his care his erst-while foes;
 Eager to ease their hurts, and soothe their woes,
 War's bitter hates and cruel hurts erase,
 And bind its gaping wounds with friendly peace.
 So, when the winds obscuring fogs displace,
 The Sun comes forth and shows his radiant face.
 And now they twine with leaves of Southern palm
 Our Northern laurels; and with palm to palm
 In union clasped, his Memory we embalm!
 Thus, North, and South, and East and West, to-day
 Join in the loving Tribute that we pay.

THE TRIBUTE

Child of the Forest, o'er thy natal cot
 The winter winds blew through the naked groves.
 Great monarchs of the wildwood, he hath got
 From you that soul of primal human loves,
 Simple and strong and large, type of the plan
 Great Nature offers when God builds a Man!
 Great frame, great aim, great soul, Great Heart, were thine,
 A chosen vessel for a task divine!
 Child of the Forest, Man of Destiny,
 With Nature's vigor young, Heaven dowered thee
 To lead the Nation's youth to victory,
 And seal this land forever One and Free!

Child of the Prairies! in thy tingling veins
 The vital nurture of the boundless plains,
 Thy soul grew large, and ever larger grew,
 And swept their vastness with still vaster view,
 Till all the Brotherhood of Human-kind
 Lay in the generous compass of thy mind.
 The racial mark was not satanic brand,
 But Nature's stamp by One Paternal Hand;
 With thee, not office, wealth or social state
 Were titles sole that men are truly great,
 But Character—the virtuous Life and Aim,
 To Manhood's highest rank the surest claim.
 Child of the wide, free Plains, Heaven dowered thee
 To break all yokes and set the bondsmen free!

Father of Waters, coursing many States,
 Binding their shores; not shutting, opening gates,
 See on your bosom broad our Hero ride,
 Cleaving with stalwart arm your mighty tide!
 Child of the Rivers! Heaven hath dowered thee
 To seal for aye the Nation's stern decree,
 The Mississippi's flood shall still run free,
 Unvexed from Rocky Mountains to the Sea!

Child of the People! in his blood are mixt
 The sturdiest types within our borders fixt.
 Born in the South; of Puritan descent;
 Reared in the West when Life, in full ferment,
 Gave native forces widest, freest bent;
 Nursed at a wise and faithful Mother's breast,
 His boundless debt to whom he e'er confest;
 Nurtured in want that spurred him to his best;
 Cradled in virtues that restricted waste;
 Mated in love to one whose wifeness drew
 To loftiest aims; his friends both wise and true,
 Good Providence, kind nature, social code,
 Life's gifts were all so happily bestowed,—
 And mixt so well the Elements of Man,
 That they in him attained their noblest plan!
 Child of the People! So let Lincoln live,—
 The worthiest title Freeman may receive!
 The noblest title Freeman's hearts can give!

"LINCOLN LITERATURE."

By Companion BREVET MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT

Whether, or not, it be true, as has been asserted, that the personal literature relating to Abraham Lincoln exceeds in extent that pertaining to any other human being, it is probable that in proportion to the length of his public career the printed matter relating to him is greater in bulk than that evoked by the life and work of any statesman, or leader, who preceded him.

Lincoln's notable public service was comprised within five years, for while he had served a term in the National House of Representatives, and had been twice a candidate for election to the United States Senate, and had become famous through his great debate with Stephen A. Douglas, so little was the impression that he had made upon the political literature of the time, that his name was not included in either of the two popular biographical compilations published in 1859-60, giving sketches of the lives of the men whose names were therein mentioned as possible candidates for the Presidential nominations of their respective parties. Had Lincoln died before 1860 it is possible that his biography would have been confined to the brief paragraph in the Dictionary of Congress, published in 1859, or to its extension, in the later edition of that work, to include perhaps the facts of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates and the date of his death.

The literature then to which your attention is now asked, and which has attained such vast dimensions, is that relating to the life and services of a man who, unknown to the mass of his countrymen in 1860, completed his career within five years thereafter, having attained renown second only to Washington, who as soldier, statesman and President had served his country forty years.

It will be understood, of course, that the word literature is here used in its broadest sense as comprising books and pamphlets directly relating to Lincoln, irrespective of their literary quality, or lack of it, but not including the greater mass of printed matter relating generally to the War of the Rebellion, most or all of which might properly be included in a bibliography of him who was the Commander-in-Chief.

Many of Lincoln's early political speeches in Illinois had been printed in the local papers, some had appeared in pamphlet form, as also had at least three of his speeches in Congress, but that part of Lincoln literature that comprises his own writings may be said to have begun with the issue in book form during the spring of 1860, of the Lincoln and Douglas Debates, which publication attained prior to the National election that year a sale of about 30,000 copies.

WILLIAM HARRISON LAMBERT.

Private 15th Penna. Cavalry August 22, 1862; discharged for promotion November 24, 1862.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant 27th New Jersey Infantry November 27, 1862; honorably mustered out July 2, 1863.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant 33d New Jersey Infantry July 25, 1863; Captain January 16, 1864; honorably mustered out July 17, 1865.

Brevetted Major U. S. Volunteers March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious conduct during the war."

Awarded the "Medal of Honor" under resolution of Congress "for having offered his services to the Government after expiration of his term."

Subsequently to this publication, and during his candidacy for the Presidency, numerous compilations of these and others of his speeches were made as parts of the many campaign lives, while during his Presidency wide circulation was given to all of his public utterances, and the number of separate issues of his letters and his speeches was very great. Full collections of these and of the earlier speeches were published during the political campaign of 1864, and immediately after his death numerous volumes appeared giving extracts from his various writings; among the earliest and best of these were "The Martyr's Monument," edited by Dr. Francis Lieber, and "The President's Words," compiled by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Such compilations have continued to be popular, among the later issues of similar character the volumes edited by Bliss Perry and Richard Watson Gilder and that in the "Everyman's Library" edited by the Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, have especial value.

No authoritative, or complete, collection of Lincoln's works appeared until 1894, when the Century Company issued them in two volumes, edited by his former private secretaries Nicolay and Hay, as a fitting sequel to their great History of Lincoln. Recently a new edition of the works has been published by the F. D. Tandy Co., of New York, which is extended to twelve volumes by the addition of much hitherto unpublished material and by the use of larger and more generously spaced type, as well as by the inclusion of a number of eulogistic tributes. Almost simultaneously another edition, not so complete, but beautifully printed and supplemented by Schurz's essay, Choate's address and a biography by Noah Brooks, was issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons; still later an abridgment edited by Marion Mills Miller, prefaced by a life by Henry C. Whitney, and comprising nine handy volumes, appeared under the auspices of the Current Literature Co., a special feature of this edition is the omission of the purely formal documents, and the classification of the letters under the names of the recipients instead of solely chronologically as in the other editions.

The biographical literature had its beginning in the brief sketch already mentioned, which is, so far as I know, the earliest appearance of a biographical sketch of Lincoln in a book. It is especially interesting because it was based upon the material furnished by Lincoln himself, who, in answer to Lanman's request for the information requisite for the purpose of his Dictionary of Congress, wrote: "Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. Education defective. Profession, a Lawyer. Have been a Captain of Volunteers in Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and was a member of the lower house of Congress." With the substitution of the word "limited" for "defective" and a few slight verbal changes by the compiler, this sketch was printed in the Dictionary, which was copyrighted in 1858 and bears the imprint of J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1859.

The friends of Lincoln who wanted him nominated for the Presidency, realized the importance of making the country better acquainted with him, and one of them, Jesse W. Fell, formerly of Pennsylvania, solicited the brief autobiographical sketch that was used as the basis of articles commending Lincoln, which appeared in papers of the Middle and Eastern States. Subsequently, but prior to the nomination, Lincoln on the 27th of February, 1860, delivered his great speech at the Cooper Institute in New York. This speech which was printed in full in leading New York journals made a profound impression, and was further widely circulated in pamphlet form in several editions

and in various languages, one edition being printed with special care and fully annotated by Charles C. Nott and Cephas Brainerd, of the New York bar, who were much impressed by Lincoln's thorough acquaintance with the historic facts referred to in his address.

Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, May 18th, 1860; on the next day the New York "Tribune" contained announcements by five publishers that they "have in press and will speedily publish" lives of the new candidate of whom so much less was known than of Seward and Chase and others who had been his chief competitors. Meanwhile appeal had been made for still fuller information than that which had been imparted to Mr. Fell, and the data furnished in answer to this new request was the foundation for the several campaign lives, which, supplemented by description of Lincoln's person and his home, by copious quotations from his speeches and in some instances by imagination, attained fair proportions.

The first of these works issued was the "Wigwam Edition" by Rudd & Carleton, New York, and was of anonymous authorship. Zeal for priority of publication apparently outweighed care for accuracy of statement, and probably accounts for the author's abbreviation of the subject's Christian name to Abram, and the assertion that his father died when the boy was six years old, and that the mother was left with several children, the facts being that the mother died when her son was nine years of age, that but two children survived her, and the father lived until 1851. Notwithstanding the author's material ignorance of the immediate family history, he boldly asserted that his hero "has Revolutionary blood in his veins, the Lincolns of Massachusetts were his progenitors, General Lincoln was of the same family," facts which were apparently unknown to Abraham himself, who said of his ancestors that "an effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families."

One of these campaign lives was written by Mr. William D. Howells and was, I believe, the first of his books to bear his name as author; recognizing the disadvantages under which the life was written the author prefaced it thus: "When one has written a hurried book one likes to dwell upon the fact that if the time had not been wanting one could have made it a great deal better. This fact is of the greatest comfort to the author, and not of the slightest consequence to anybody else. It is perfectly reasonable, therefore, that every writer should urge it. A work which seeks only to acquaint people with the personal history of a man for whom they are asked to cast their votes, and whose past ceases to concern them in proportion as his present employs them, will not be numbered with those immortal books which survive the year of their publication. It does not challenge criticism, it fulfills the end of its being if it presents facts and incidents in a manner not altogether barren of interest. It is believed that the following biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln will be found reliable. The information upon which the narrative is based, has been derived chiefly from the remembrance of Mr. Lincoln's old friends and may therefore be considered authentic. It is hardly necessary to add that no one but the writer is responsible for his manner of treating events and men." Possibly because of this literary service the author was in 1861 appointed to the Consulate, from which resulted his charming books "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." This was not the only campaign biography written by Mr. Howells, who in 1876 wrote a life of Rutherford B

Hayes, probably inspired to this effort, less by the success of the first, than by his personal relation to his later subject.

Mr. Howells was not the first eminent American author who wrote a "campaign life," for he had been anticipated by Hawthorne who wrote a biography of Franklin Pierce, a task probably not less difficult than Howells' first venture, and which won a much more lucrative reward in the Consulate at Liverpool.

Several of the Lives issued in 1860 were compiled by authors who with equal facility would have written the lives of any other candidates, having in other books covered widely divergent biographical subjects.

A book entitled to special mention is that by James Q. Howard, published by Follett Foster & Co., of Columbus, whose original announcement that the work had been authorized by Mr. Lincoln brought from him a letter of protest which was so effectual that when the book appeared it bore this note by the author, "The following sketch of the life of Abraham Lincoln embraces simply the material facts in his history. Fictitious embellishments to suit the varied imaginations of readers are left to be supplied by the readers themselves. For whatever the sketch contains the writer alone is responsible."

The Life that probably had the largest circulation was that published simultaneously by the New York "Tribune" and the Chicago "Press and Tribune," in compact and inexpensive form, especially adapted for campaign distribution. No author's name was given but it is known that it was written by John L. Scripps, editor of the leading Republican newspaper of Chicago, who being familiar with Illinois politics and personally acquainted with Lincoln was better equipped for the work than any of his rival biographers and his book is the best of its time. Extensive as was its circulation this pamphlet is to day by no means common, the edition with the Chicago imprint being one of the rarest of the Lincoln books of 1860.

Scripps' life was read by its subject as is shown by this characteristic story; the author had stated in his book that Lincoln in his youth read Plutarch's lives, this he did simply because as a rule almost every boy in the West, in the early days, did read Plutarch. When the advance sheets of the book reached its subject, he sent for the author and said to him: "That paragraph wherein you state I read Plutarch's lives was not true when you wrote it, for up to that moment in my life I had never seen that early contribution to human history, but I want your book, even if it is nothing more than a campaign sketch, to be faithful to the facts, and in order that that statement might be literally true, I received the book a few days ago and have just read it through." This Life has the further distinction of having been reissued in a limited edition, superbly printed upon choice paper and with tasteful binding, but unfortunately the title page is marred by the words "The first published," to which honor the book is clearly not entitled.

Probably the least familiar of these Lives, as it is the smallest, is the 32 mo. edited and published by Reuben Vose, of New York; of this ten thousand copies are stated to have been printed, and yet only one copy is known to a group of diligent collectors, and there is none in the Library of Congress.

The campaign of 1864 brought forth a new series of biographies much fuller of course than their predecessors because now, instead of telling the story of an unknown Western politician, they were narrating the history of the most powerful ruler of his day. Some of the new books were enlarged editions of earlier

works, others were entirely new, the most meritorious being that by the editor of the New York "Times," Henry J. Raymond, whose "History of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln" was well written and authoritative. Raymond was an influential and able supporter of the Administration, was familiar with its policy and himself an important factor in the politics of the time and held the responsible position of Chairman of the Republican National Committee. A later edition published after the President's death, completed the story of his career, and is I think the best history of its subject that appeared prior to the monumental work of Nicolay and Hay.

This later edition of Raymond's book contained as a supplement the anecdotes gathered by Frank B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the picture of the President and Cabinet known as the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," during his sojourn in the Executive Mansion; these stories were subsequently issued in book form entitled "Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln," that had large circulation and many editions. It was the forerunner of the numerous collections of Lincoln stories more or less authentic.

Orville J. Victor was the author of a little book "The Private and Public Life of Abraham Lincoln," that had immense circulation as one of the widely known "Beadle's Dime" publications.

The years of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency were prolific in publications of every variety relating to him—speeches, letters of protest and advice, satires, burlesques, song books,—the pamphlet output was stupendous.

The magazines of the time were crowded with articles about the President and the War. The "Atlantic Monthly" and the "North American Review" were easily foremost among the loyal supporters of the Administration. In the "Review" appeared a series of powerful essays by James Russell Lowell, treating of the various phases of the great conflict and more or less directly of Lincoln. The most important of these essays that on "The President's Policy," which appeared in July, 1864, is remarkable for its clear characterization of Lincoln, its appreciation of his fitness for his tremendous task and as a prophecy of his fame, that has been remarkably verified.

To Lowell it was given to see that which most of his cotemporaries only saw after Lincoln's death, and whilst "Great captains with their guns and drums" were still disturbing judgment, to behold the fullness of fame which was to be that of the first American. It is interesting to know that Lincoln read this essay and without knowledge of its authorship wrote to the publisher of the "Review" modestly expressing his gratification with the article and at the same time suggesting a correction of a statement that seemed to him to have been based on misunderstanding of his purpose. Perceiving the value of this essay, the Union League of our city reprinted it as a pamphlet and gave it wide circulation. In this shape it is highly prized by collectors both for its importance as a Lincoln item and as the first separate issue of Lowell's essay.

Lincoln literature reached wide extent during his life, but was immensely increased by his death, for the publications that followed far outnumbered those that had gone before. The Nation's sorrow sought relief in outward expression and the memorial sermons, addresses, orations and poems that gave it voice were innumerable. Thousands of these tributes were reproduced in the newspapers and many found their way into pamphlets, hundreds of these are known to the bibliographers, probably hundreds more were issued, which have thus far escaped

identification. Among the more prominent of the orators and clergymen were Emerson, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Bancroft, Beecher, Storrs, Bishop Simpson, Albert Barnes and Phillips Brooks.

Not all of the sermons were eloquent, not all are in themselves worthy of preservation, but as the spontaneous manifestation of a people's grief, they constitute a characteristic and convincing memorial of the darkest day of our history.

To many, prose seemed inadequate for expression of the prevalent sorrow and of admiration for the departed Chief, so hundreds of versified tributes found their way into print, not a few of more ambitious character came forth in pamphlet and book. Of many of these poetic tributes, their manifest sincerity was their sole claim to favor, and even that scarcely saves some from ridicule. But there were some in which both sincerity and fervor joined with poetic gift to make them adequate in their expression of grief and worthy in their tribute. Such are Stoddard's "An Horatian Ode," and Brownell's "Abraham Lincoln," while Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," and even more his "O Captain! My Captain!" and Lowell's Commemoration Ode, have attained distinction that will be imperishable.

Nor were the manifestations of sorrow and of appreciation of the greatness of Lincoln confined to our own land, for the spoken and written tributes both in prose and verse were many in England and on the Continent. The French Academy in 1867 offered a prize for the best poem on the death of Lincoln; for this there were ninety competitors, the award was made to Edouard Grenier, whose dignified and eulogistic verse is worthy of its great theme. I do not recall that it has ever been fully translated into English. Unique in its character is the poem by Tom Taylor that appeared in the number of "Punch" for May 6, 1865, apologizing for the manner in which that periodical had treated Lincoln while living, and confessing that it had utterly misjudged him and his work, asked leave to do homage to his memory.

In the wake of the eulogies came many new biographies, most of them hastily written to take advantage of the popular demand of the hour, and built upon easily accessible material. An exception to this characterization is the Life by Dr. J. G. Holland, which was the result of conscientious study and personal investigation at Springfield and elsewhere among the friends and associates of Lincoln, and was written with earnest desire to be truthful as well as sympathetic. Arnold's "Lincoln and Slavery" had value as a history of that theme, by one who had been in Congress during the War and had enjoyed Lincoln's friendship; subsequently the author wrote a more personal biography that has considerable merit.

More important than any biography which had hitherto appeared was that issued in 1872, purporting to be by Ward H. Lamon. This was the first life based upon systematic research and with access to a wide range of original material. Much that had been unknown or inaccessible to earlier writers had now become available through the persevering labors of William H. Herndon, who had been for many years Lincoln's law partner. The mass of material that he had gathered was placed at Lamon's disposal, and his work gives much fuller detail of Lincoln's early life than had been possible for others to obtain. The volume published closed with Lincoln's first Inauguration, the author intending to devote a second volume to the years 1861-65; whether or not this was written, it certainly was not published. Lamon had long been known to Lincoln, they had been associated

in a number of cases, and had been together on the law circuit; they had journeyed together to Washington in February, 1861, and one of Lincoln's first appointments was that of Lamon as Marshal of the District of Columbia. He was entrusted with special confidential duties and the association between them continued until broken by death. Lamon professed and doubtless felt a deep admiration for his Chief, so that it seems strange that this book while it reveals much of Lincoln's greatness, and the humble circumstances of his early life and the obstacles he overcame, and so enhances our esteem for the character that triumphed over adversity and untoward conditions, is, nevertheless, written in such curiously antipathetic tone as to suggest the author's dislike rather than his friendship for his subject. The anomaly is explained by the fact, not revealed by the title page, that the real author was Chauncey F. Black, son of Jeremiah S. Black, the Attorney General of Buchanan's Cabinet, political opponent of Lincoln, and though both father and son were Union men they were not in sympathy with Lincoln, the father was at times sharply critical of many of the measures of the Administration, the son later became the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, elected upon the Democratic ticket. Lamon procured the material from Herndon, supplemented it by his own knowledge and study, but the book that by innuendo and insinuation seems striving to belittle its hero, and fails only because of his inherent and dominating nobility of character, was not written by Lamon but by Chauncey F. Black, whose selection was due to his association with Lamon in law practice after the President's death.

Two years after the Lamon book there appeared a series of articles in "The Galaxy" magazine, published afterwards with additions in a book under the title "Lincoln and Seward," written by Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Welles was led to write because of his strong dissent from the attribution by Charles Francis Adams in his eulogy of Secretary Seward of a preponderating influence to that statesman in the conduct of affairs, and the implication that the President's part was subordinate.

From his intimate knowledge Welles was able to establish the fact that so far from being dominated, the President was preeminently the master of his Administration. Later revelations in the History of Nicolay and Hay and the assemblage of evidence by Rothschild in his "Lincoln the Master of Men," fully corroborated the allegations of the Secretary of the Navy.

The most important addition to the biographical literature of Lincoln was made by John G. Nicolay and John Hay by their "Abraham Lincoln, a History," first published in the "Century Magazine," beginning in 1886, and subsequently in ten stately volumes. The position of the authors as private secretaries to the President, their long association with him, their familiarity with events, their access to his papers, personal and political, their historic instinct and literary ability, as well as their sympathetic admiration for him, qualified them to write the monumental history of Lincoln, the mine from which all later writers must draw. Yet because the work is so largely historical and subordinates the personal side of Lincoln's life, especially prior to the Presidency, and also because of its magnitude, it is likely that it will always be a book of reference rather than one for wide and popular reading. In recognition of the demand for a more compact life, the senior author later prepared an excellent abridgment issued in a single volume.

In the "Atlantic Monthly" for 1890 Carl Schurz reviewed the great history

with such marked ability that his essay is itself of highest value. Its excellent summary of Lincoln's work, its just and discriminating appreciation of his character and its analysis of the sources of his success make this essay the best epitome of his work that has yet appeared in print. Schurz's *Reminiscences* recently published contain much of interest relating to Lincoln most graphically told.

Simultaneously with the publication in book form of the Nicolay and Hay History appeared "Herndon's Lincoln, The True Story of a Great Life," the joint work of Herndon, for twenty years Lincoln's friend and law partner, and of Jesse W. Weik, who put the book into shape. Later in date than Lamon, using the same material, supplemented by more recent acquisitions and written with greater sympathy and after longer and more intimate association, this work is much the more valuable. And yet it has limitations for it is needlessly minute in many of its details, attaches exaggerated importance to youthful incidents and characteristics, and with all its admiration for its subject, reveals a seeming jealousy of the popular appreciation of Lincoln, and a desire that the author's estimate should be accepted as final. Apparently Herndon failed to realize how far beyond him his old partner had gone and was unable to comprehend the height of greatness to which Lincoln had attained.

In 1896 Miss Ida M. Tarbell began a series of articles upon the early life of Lincoln that were the result of laborious effort on her part, aided by careful research among early records and newspapers by Mr. J. McCan Davis, of Springfield. Their collaboration resulted in the discovery of much that had been either generally unknown or forgotten. New light was thrown upon many incidents of Lincoln's earlier days, and positive and valuable information added to our knowledge of him. The series was continued to cover the closing years and the whole published in four well printed volumes, constituting an important biography. Miss Tarbell has since written the delightful stories, "He knew Lincoln" and "Father Abraham," which although fictitious have biographical dignity and value because of their happy characterization of the man and faithful portrayal of many of his traits.

Yet another life based upon acquaintance and research, worthy of mention, recently published is that by Henry C. Whitney, an Illinois lawyer who had been associated with Lincoln in several cases, had seen and heard him frequently, and had told the story of "Life on the Circuit" with him, a work replete with information.

Besides these there are scores of lives, many of them being well written and readable, but adding little that is new; most of them being restatements of well known facts, some indeed so presenting them as to have the force of novelty; one of the best especially for the Presidential career is that by John T. Morse, Jr., in the series of *American Statesmen*.

Many biographies have been published abroad, one by F. Bungener written in French, first issued in Switzerland, was translated into German, Dutch and Italian and published in the several countries; another by Joualt in French, published in Paris, translated into Spanish and published in Barcelona. There are still others in these languages, and others printed in Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Russia, two at least, Japan, three, and Hawaii.

Time will not permit the naming, even without comment, of the many volumes that bear Lincoln's name, but the titles of some may serve to indicate the variety and range covered: *The Story Life*, *The True Life*, *The Every Day*

Life, The Heroic Life, The Boy's Life, The Boy Lincoln, The Backwoods Boy, The Pioneer Boy and how he became President, In the Boyhood of Lincoln, The Children's Life, The Man of the People, The True Lincoln, The Real Lincoln, and Lincoln Boy and Man, this last quite recent and an excellent popular compendium.

Some authors have not been content with one or two issues, but responding presumably to popular needs have several works to their credit, among them Isaac N. Arnold has six, William M. Thayer has five different titles in English, besides translations in German and Swedish and Greek. Noah Brooks has "A Biography for Young People;" "Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery," "Lincoln, His Youth and Early Manhood," and "Washington in Lincoln's Time." William O. Stoddard, who was one of the President's secretaries, has written "Inside the White House in War Times," "The Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln," "Lincoln at Work," "The Boy Lincoln," besides "Abraham Lincoln, The True Story of a Great Life," and the "Lives of the Presidents—Lincoln and Johnson."

Each year since Lincoln's death has witnessed the publication of tributes to his memory, mostly as commemorative addresses, some as recollections by his contemporaries, but not a few studies of phases of his character or of special episodes in his career, such are Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer," and Bates' "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office." Each recurring birthday adds new material, and the recent celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the Lincoln and Douglas Debates in the several localities where the debates were held has brought forth many reminiscences. The Illinois State Historical Society has just issued the first of a Lincoln Series, under the editorship of Professor Edwin E. Sparks, now of our State College, a portly volume of great value devoted to the history and ana of these debates.

The approaching centenary of his birth is being preceded by a large output and during the year there will be voluminous increase of this literature.

But however eloquent the oratory past or to come, however instructive and authentic the narrative, however inspired the poet, the most precious and lasting Lincoln literature will always be that of his own writing, for despite his modest assertion to the contrary at Gettysburg, what he said there will be long remembered and with his Second Inaugural will be immortal. These, admittedly his supremest utterances, supplemented by other addresses only less important and by such eloquent and forceful letters as those to Horace Greeley, to General Hooker, to Conkling of Illinois, to Hodges of Kentucky and to the Massachusetts mother, make a vital part of literature and will be an abiding memorial to

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING

FEBRUARY 15 1911

1911

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

FEBRUARY 15, 1911

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 15, 1865

Born February 12, 1909, in Hardin (La Rue) Co., Kentucky

Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution April 16, 1865

"The Making of Abraham Lincoln"

COMPANION CAPTAIN JOHN RICHARDS BOYLE D.D.

CHAPLAIN OF THE COMMANDERY

“THE MAKING OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN”

By Companion CAPTAIN JOHN RICHARDS BOYLE, D.D.

The greatest surprise of the Civil War period—perhaps the greatest surprise of our National history—was ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Two years before his election to the Presidency, Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, said to certain public men of the East, “We have two giants in Illinois,—Douglas, the ‘little giant,’ whom you all know, and LINCOLN, the real giant, whom as yet you do not know.” And it was true. Mr. LINCOLN’s great debate with Douglas in 1858, his subsequent lecture tour through New England, and his Cooper Union speech, had attracted public attention, and astonished many thoughtful men, but it was a fact that when he took the oath of office as Chief Magistrate of the Republic, the Nation did not really know him, and because he was so widely unknown he was, naturally enough, somewhat distrusted. At first sight he seemed an unusual and in some sense a disconcerting figure. Six feet four inches in height, loose jointed, long limbed, with great hands and feet, a narrow neck, large features, a swarthy and deeply seamed countenance, heavy dark hair, and careless in dress, he appeared to the superficial observer as only a superior type of frontier manhood. And sober minded men asked nervously: “Is such a man as this equal to our emergency? Can he guide the ship of state through the angry waters of Civil War?” In fact it scarcely seemed possible. And yet when this comparatively untried man came in contact with the most powerful minds of the Nation, and when he was confronted with the most appalling problems that ever demanded solution from an American President, he met every crisis with phenomenal calmness, ability and courage, and impressed the country and the world with his supreme genius for leadership. In the Cabinet, the brilliant and experienced Seward, who had accepted the portfolio of State, that, as one historian has said, he might be a sort of guardian or Providence to the new administration, confessed within three months that the President was the greatest man among them. Senators like Sumner acknowledged his capacity. Generals like Grant, and Sherman, and Meade, were amazed at his practical military sagacity. Congress bowed its head before his intellectual and moral sovereignty. The people awoke to an assured confidence in him. The army in the field adored him. And the foreign world recognized in him a new and commanding figure on the stage of civic life. He proved himself a revelation of personal manhood and official sufficiency. As he towered physically above other men, so he stood vitally above them, until in that crucial period of the Nation’s

JOHN RICHARDS BOYLE.

Private 58th Penna. Infantry October 12, 1861; transferred to 111th Penna. Infantry January 17, 1862; discharged to accept promotion March 11, 1862.

Second Lieutenant 111th Penna. Infantry March 12, 1862; First Lieutenant May 1, 1863; First Lieutenant and Adjutant March 12, 1864; mustered out to accept promotion August 15, 1864.

Captain and Asst. Quartermaster U. S. Volunteers August 16, 1864; honorably mustered out March 20, 1866.

life, when extraordinary human power was developed on every hand, he outclassed all others, and held the centre of the stage, grandly, sublimely, and unrivaled in the majesty of his personality and influence. And so he has continued to stand through the nearly forty-six years that have succeeded his tragic death, and to-day his colossal and sacrificial figure transcends that of every other American statesman in the temple of our National fame.

Every effect has its adequate cause. And Mr. LINCOLN was the effect of an adequate cause, or a series of such causes. How can we account for him? How sprang this man from comparative obscurity to such sudden and unexampled eminence? Whence had he letters, never having learned? Where and how did he acquire his preparation for his brief but immortal public services? These are the questions that must be determined before we can at all understand ABRAHAM LINCOLN. And I shall therefore venture to speak to you briefly to-night of the fundamental forces and conditions that made him what he was, and trained him for his incomparable services to the country and the world.

I. HIS HEREDITARY INHERITANCE

First among these I mention his Hereditary Inheritance. Always primary in the forces that produce a man is transmitted quality. Heredity is a generic and potent factor in personality. Blood tells. Great and good men can no more be derived from base material than gold can be made from brass or clay. Ancestry counts positively in character, and therefore one of our witty essayists cautions us all to be very particular in our choice of parents. Mr. LINCOLN had no pride of ancestry himself, and because he was born of humble parents in a cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, it has been popularly supposed that he had no lineage worth mentioning. But the precise reverse of this is the fact. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the scion of a notable and worthy stock. His earliest American ancestor was Samuel Lincoln, who came from England with the Puritans, and settled at Hingham, Mass., about 1640. The four grandsons of this man all served with credit in the Colonial Army and Navy during the Revolutionary War. One of his great-great-grandsons, Levi Lincoln, was a Harvard graduate and filled the offices of Representative in the Massachusetts Legislature, Attorney-General of the United States, Secretary of State, and Justice of the United States Supreme Court. One of Levi Lincoln's sons was also a Harvard man, and another was a member of Congress, and a Governor of the State of Maine. The President's grandfather was a large land owner in Virginia, who removed in early life to Kentucky, where he was killed by the Indians. And this domestic tragedy alone accounted for the poverty of the President's father, who was a child of only ten years of age when his father was murdered. Had the second Abraham Lincoln lived, his son Thomas would have been a man of property and position, and the third and greatest ABRAHAM LINCOLN would not have been a squatter's child. The truth is that the pure blood of Old England and New England coursed in ABRAHAM LINCOLN's veins. For five generations his paternal ancestors were religious, patriotic, educated, public spirited men, and the man-child that nestled in the arms of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, on February 12, 1809, was the God-appointed heir of their intellectual and moral characteristics. By the divinely ordained law of hereditary transmission there came to him from this ancestry the germinal forces of his personality. Once again a chosen liberator was born in poverty, and a king was cradled in obscurity. But the accidental conditions of his birth did not and could

not affect his person. His regnant nature was there in embryo, as the oak is in the acorn, and the divine ordination was upon it. His ancestral generations fruited in him, as the selected and cultured seed fruits in the consummate flower.

And this is the primary fact to be recognized in any logical inquiry into the personality of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

II. HIS EARLY ENVIRONMENT

The second great fact to be considered in the making of this phenomenal man is that of his Early Environment. The crude and narrow sphere in which Mr. LINCOLN passed his youth and young manhood would seem at first glance to have been positively destructive of any advantages he might have derived from heredity. When he was seven years of age his people removed from Kentucky to Southern Indiana, where he lost his good mother, and thirteen years later they migrated further to Sangamon County, Illinois. In both localities the conditions were similar. The country was new, the people were hardy pioneers, and generally illiterate, and often godless and wicked. Schools were unknown, except when some peripatetic Roman Catholic pedagogue, or an itinerant Irish teacher with a shady past, appeared, and opened a so-called place of instruction for a few weeks or months, at which "the three R's" were beaten into the pupils' heads with hickory rods or hard knuckles. There were no churches, and only occasional religious services held by some stray evangelist. Profanity, drinking, gambling and fighting were the popular vices, and the grocery store or blacksmith shop was the village point of rendezvous. Hard, heart breaking toil, relieved by unrestrained excesses, constituted the rural Western life of that day. And LINCOLN was of necessity exposed to it all. He was inured to its severe labor from his earliest childhood, and was familiar with its prevalent vices from his tenderest years. Dressed in homespun jeans, his trousers tucked into his cowhide boots, a coon skin cap upon his head, his great height and nondescript garb rendered him a unique and striking figure. He was renowned for his remarkable physical strength, even among a race of exceptionally muscular men. No young man of the vicinity could sink an axe so deeply into a log, or strike a wedge so powerfully as he. He could outleap, outrun, or outswim any of his fellows, and at wrestling he was unequalled. It is said that when he appeared at New Salem as a clerk, a crowd of young toughs forced him into a wrestling match with the local champion, who was deemed invincible. Failing to bring LINCOLN to the ground, this athlete resorted to a cowardly and desperate foul. The good-natured LINCOLN was roused to sudden fury by this infamy, and raising the man bodily from the ground he hurled him from him with such force as to wound and stun him. What a tackler he would have made upon a modern foot-ball field. And yet he was the soul of good humor, and was a universal favorite with the more quarrelsome youth who soon learned to respect and fear his mighty arm.

He possessed great physical as well as moral courage. It is related that on one occasion two men were carried away by a flood in the Sangamon River. As they floated past New Salem, they managed to obtain a handhold on a half submerged tree that had lodged on a sand-bar in midstream. LINCOLN lashed a long rope to a log nearby, and directing some of the bystanders to pay it out, he leaped upon this unsteady life-boat, paddled it to the tree, and brought the frightened, half-drowned men safely to shore. His moral courage was equally marked. He never drank. He would not gamble. He did not become addicted to the use of

profane language. He treated women with the utmost respect and delicacy, and did not shrink from defending them against rude or vulgar speech. One day in his store at New Salem a young rowdy broke into a torrent of oaths in the presence of a woman. LINCOLN quietly but earnestly rebuked him, and when the offender turned upon him with other oaths, this backwoods Knight Errant said: "I see that my admonition has done you no good, and that you must be physically persuaded, and as there is no one else to chastise you but myself, I will do it,—and I will do it now." And he carried that struggling blasphemer from the store, threw him to the ground, and rubbed smartweed in his face and eyes until he howled for mercy.

He was a welcome visitor in the homes of these pioneer women, and was not above relieving them of the care of their little children at times while they themselves struggled with their heavy housework. He was the friend especially of the mothers of the wild young men of the community. One of these he knew as "Aunt Hannah," and after he had become a practicing attorney this woman's son—LINCOLN'S former antagonist in the wrestling bout—was tried for murder. LINCOLN sought out the panic-stricken mother and promised to defend her boy. This he did successfully by impeaching the testimony of the chief witness for the prosecution, causing him to swear positively that he identified the defendant near the scene and on the night of the murder by the light of a cloudless full moon, and then producing an almanac, he proved that there was no moon visible on that night.

From a child he was thoughtful and introspective,—a close observer of nature and men,—and this habit not only developed his remarkable reasoning power, it stimulated also his native genius for humor and humorous anecdote. There was a large log lying half embedded on the river bank at New Salem that was known as "Lincoln's Log." There the men of the village would gather in the evening and listen with great glee to his quaint stories. He could mimic the typical frontiersman, the negro, the auctioneer, and the preacher, and illustrate the oddities of all with irresistible effect. He became known far and near for this gift, and in later years when he traveled the large judicial district in which he practiced law, the seat of the county courts was always enlivened by his never failing fun. At the hotel in the evening or as judge and lawyers journeyed together over the tedious roads, he was always the centre of attraction. Sometimes he carried his levity into the court room, greatly to the disturbance of its decorum. The presiding judge, David Davis, who afterwards became a United States Senator from Illinois, was a man of portly frame, and was highly punctilious for the dignity of his court, but he could not resist LINCOLN'S merriment. On one occasion a knot of lawyers gathered about LINCOLN, who whispered a side splitting story in their ears, that caused them to shake with laughter and drew the attention of the jury, the witnesses and the spectators to their amusement, when Judge Davis smote his desk sharply and shouted: "MR. LINCOLN, MR. LINCOLN, we cannot hold two courts here. Either your court or mine must adjourn, and I think it will be yours. Silence." And then he beckoned to one of the smiling attorneys and whispered: "What was it that LINCOLN was saying?" At another time MR. LINCOLN in delivering an official paper made an irresistibly funny remark to the clerk of the court, and that official unable to control himself, burst into a loud peal of laughter. Judge Davis nearly split the desk with his gavel, and cried: "Mr. Clerk, fine yourself \$5 for contempt of court." As soon as the incident was

forgotten in the routine business of the court, his honor called the clerk to him and murmured: "What was that funny joke of LINCOLN's that made you laugh?" And when the clerk whispered it in his ear, the judge hid his face while his huge form quivered with amusement, and as soon as he could control his voice, he said in his most judicial tones, "Mr. Clerk, since you have made a full and satisfactory explanation of your recent unseemly levity to the court, I will remit your fine."

The thought I wish to impress is that this raw, crude environment of his early life did not harm ABRAHAM LINCOLN. He was a part of these conditions, but they did not dominate him. He was superior to them, and made them wholesome and helpful to himself. They aided in developing him. The severe physical exactions of his youth were as good, or better, for him than the college gymnasium or gridiron would have been. The school of human nature in which he spent his first twenty-one years unfolded and molded his mind and conscience and heart. He dominated it all in healthful self-mastery. These conditions were a soil in which he grew. He was cleaner, brighter and greater than his surroundings. And the few thoughtful men who then knew him appreciated this fact. They saw that he was a *sui generis* in this wild garden of life, and one of them who observed him closely said one day with emphasis, "Mark my words. ABRAHAM LINCOLN will some time be the President of the United States."

III. HIS SELF CULTURE

But the greatest and most wonderful fact in the making of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was his severe and masterful self-culture. His intellectual training of himself would be pathetic were it not so heroic. He had no instructors. He never attended school for one year in all his life. He came in contact with no educated men. He worked hard for his living from his earliest childhood. And yet he educated himself in the truest sense of that term. He made pens from the quills of buzzards, and ink from poke berry juice, and laboriously practiced writing until he became one of the neatest penmen in the county. He used the back of a wooden shovel or the barn door as a slate, and practiced arithmetic upon them, with a piece of charcoal for a pencil, until, as he said, he could cipher as far as "the rule of three," and then he toiled on until he mastered the mathematical principles of surveying. His entire stock of books, when he was twenty-one years of age, consisted of the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, A Brief History of the United States, Weems' Life of Washington, and the Revised Statutes of Indiana, and he had access to no others. But he read and absorbed these volumes, and they stimulated and affected his mental life. The Bible gave him his profound faith in God, and his classic style of literary expression. Aesop tickled his sense of humorous philosophy. Bunyan's great allegory inspired his imagination. The story of the Republic and its great Father aroused his patriotism, and the statutes of his state awoke in his heart an ambition for the law. He once walked twelve miles to borrow the only copy of Kirkham's Grammar in the county, and memorized its contents within six weeks, and then, turning it about in his hands he said "So that is a science, is it? Well, I think I will tackle another." While he kept store in New Salem he bought one day from a passing emigrant, for fifty cents, a barrel of old papers. In the bottom of it he discovered a dilapidated copy of Blackstone's Commentaries. That book was to him one of the most precious treasures of his life. It furnished his emergent mentality its precisely needed stimulus. He revelled in its magni-

ficent arguments, and wrestled with its profound principles in fascinated delight, and he determined then and there that he would be a lawyer. He studied as he followed the plow, as he rested in the noon-time shade of the trees, as he waited for customers in his store, and as he lay in his bed at night. And what was far more to the purpose, he *thought*. He developed knowing power. As he said, he could never surrender his hold on a proposition until he had mastered it. Thus, his naturally clear, penetrative, analytical mind was nourished and disciplined and strengthened, until he became a reasoning prodigy among his amazed associates.

He also practiced the art of public speech. By memorizing selections from the "Kentucky Preceptor," by listening critically to itinerant preachers; by attending court and studying the oratory of the judges and attorneys; by visiting political assemblies and camp meetings, and analyzing the style and power of their practiced speakers, and by speaking himself, he gradually acquired the gift of public address, and became locally famous for his oratorical skill. Lucid, thoughtful, self-possessed, sincere and witty, he was soon regarded as the most popular young orator in Sangamon County. And he continued these severely studious habits throughout all his subsequent life. In after years when he met some of the most distinguished members of the American bar in court, and was astonished at their learning and power, he was not dismayed. He studied them, and felt that he could emulate them, and said to one of his friends that he was going back to Springfield "to study law." His friend said, "Why, MR. LINCOLN, you are one of the greatest lawyers in Illinois now?" "No matter," he replied, "I am going home to study law." He felt that he could learn what any other man knew, and that he could do what any other man did.

Thus he trained himself and grew. Steadily, with untiring industry, he filled and strengthened his mind, until he became full orb'd,—clothed with intellectual power and baptized with mental light, and capable of grappling any problem of thought with mature and conquering energy. Self educated,—self made,—he was at forty-five years of age an intellectual giant, even among strong men.

His moral development was equally remarkable and thorough. From his youth he was known to his associates as "HONEST ABRAHAM LINCOLN." God's eternal ethical law was enthroned in his incorruptible conscience. He was honest commercially. When he was a young merchant he found one evening that he had mistakenly given a customer six and one-half cents too little in change, and he walked that night several miles to make it good. Through the fault of his partner at New Salem, he was cruelly burdened with a business debt of fifteen hundred dollars, and he labored and denied himself for years to pay the last penny of that debt.

But this is saying but very little of his honesty. He was intellectually honest and was as immovable as a granite head-land in fidelity to his convictions of right. While he was President, certain senators once plead with him to do a much desired public act and they went so far as to hint at his political ruin if he refused. His well known reply was, "Gentlemen, I cannot see this thing as you do. You may be right, I may be wrong. But I cannot do it. But," he added, "there is one thing I can do. I can resign my office, and perhaps Mr. Hamlin may be able to meet your views."

He was ethically honest. When the Trent affair took place, and Mason and

Slidell were taken from that British ship on the high seas, by Captain Wilkes of our navy, and England demanded their surrender under threat of war; and when the whole country,—congress, newspapers and public opinion—were clamoring for their retention at any cost, MR. LINCOLN said, "We cannot rightfully hold these men. The principle of their retention is precisely that which we went to war with England in 1812 to protest against. We must give them up." And he gave them up. It was one of the most ethically courageous things an American President ever did. And the conscience of the American people will forever endorse and defend his stand.

He was magnanimously honest. When the case of a soldier who had been severely wounded in battle, but who had subsequently deserted, was brought before him, he said, "The Scriptures teach us that by the shedding of blood there is remission of sin. This man shed his blood for his country, and his sin shall be forgiven." And he spared his life. And when he thought his re-election in 1864 was uncertain he carefully wrote out a memorandum of patriotic action regarding what he conceived to be his duty to his successor. His integrity, inspired and cultivated by the humble surroundings of his early life, grew with his growth, and was flawless at every point, and in every test.

IV. HIS POLITICAL TRAINING

I had intended to speak also of MR. LINCOLN'S civic training for his great public life work, but time fails me. A single hurried word must suffice. He was no political novice, when he leaped into national fame. Politics had been one of his absorbing studies from his youth. He received his first convictions concerning slavery from his perusal of the Indiana Statutes which forever forbade it in that state, but he first saw the practical spirit of that institution when he visited New Orleans in his early days in command of a flat-boat. There he saw slaves whipped and otherwise maltreated, and one day he attended a slave auction. He beheld a young mulatto girl on the block; he witnessed the personal indignities to which she was subjected, he saw her tears and heard her sobs of fear and shame, and said to his companions, "Come away, I cannot stand this," and raising his right hand heavenward, he exclaimed, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I shall hit it hard." And on January 1, 1863, that same right hand annihilated it forever on American soil.

His political training was aided by his service in the Illinois legislature and his single term in Congress. It was advanced by his constant study of our civic conditions and his active interest in the public affairs of his state. It was still further advanced by his leadership in the establishment of the Republican Party in his State in 1854, and in his remarkable campaign for that party in 1856, when he made his overwhelming "Lost Speech" and his equally powerful political oration on the "House Divided Against Itself,"—addresses which fairly swept his audiences into a delirium of excitement, and which have never been surpassed for effect on the American rostrum. And that training was perfected in his unexampled public debates with Senator Douglas in 1858, in which he spoke altogether for twenty-one hours against one of the greatest political debaters the country has ever produced, and gave the Nation what is without doubt one of the most masterful examples of comprehensive civic intelligence, wisdom, and argument that was ever pronounced on a political platform.

And thus it came to pass that when he was called to the Presidency in

1860, he was, of all living Americans, the one man who had been the best prepared by Providence, intellectually, morally, and civilly, to guide the Nation safely through its impending struggle for life.

He grew in the Presidential office as all true men grow under great responsibilities; but the Presidency did not make ABRAHAM LINCOLN. God had done that in the strange way that I have so rapidly and imperfectly traced. The Presidency and the War of the Rebellion simply gave him his opportunity. He was ready for it. And when the hour struck, God's carefully prepared instrument was at hand.







